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FAME

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FORTUNE WEEKLY

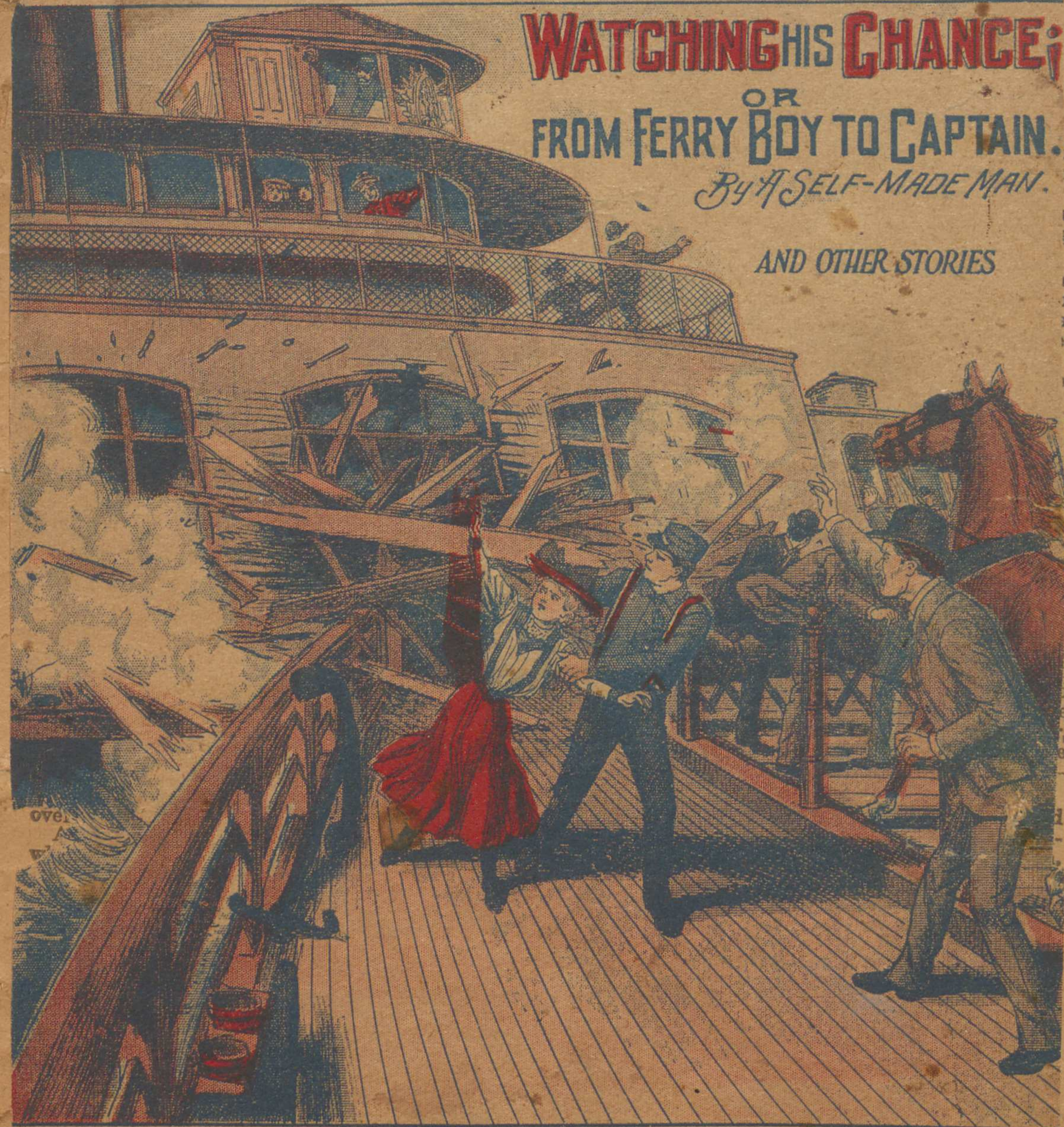
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

WATCHING HIS CHANCE;

OR
FROM FERRY BOY TO CAPTAIN.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



When the boats came together with a crash, Fanny uttered a shriek and started to run. A falling plank would have crushed her to the deck only for Joe, who, seeing her peril, sprang forward and dragged her out of danger.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1925

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WATCHING HIS CHANCE

OR, FROM FERRY BOY TO CAPTAIN

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Introduces the Hero and Others.

The Greenpoint factory whistles were shrilly announcing the hour of six on a dull, threatening spring afternoon when the ferryboat from Twenty-third street came into her slip at the foot of Greenpoint street.

As the passengers streamed out of the entrance of the ferry-house, a sturdy, bright-eyed newsboy, known to his associates as Joe Judson, with his arm full of New York evening papers, circulated among them, calling out in clear, ringing tones the names of the various journals.

About the same time another newsboy, with a broad, sallow face, low forehead and small, deep-set, ferret eyes, who had been playing craps with several boon companions in a nearby alley, came running into the crowd, crying his papers. His name was Pete McGinniss, and his reputation was pretty rocky. The roundsmen of the neighborhood all had their eyes on him, and it wouldn't have required much of an excuse for them to run him in to the nearest station-house.

Pete, however, was a mighty foxy youth, and seemed to have eyes all over his head, for the cops could never catch him napping.

He was as fleet on his feet as a hare, and knew all the ins and outs of his stamping-ground better even than the police, who had chased him a hundred times for one reason or another, but couldn't catch him. They never interfered with him when he was engaged in his avocation of selling papers, as they had no serious charge to bring against him. Pete had a fashion of wearing his black, greasy hair cut short behind, but long enough in front for him to brush straight forward over his ears.

As Joe Judson ran up to sell a paper to a man who had signaled him, Pete McGinniss butted in ahead of him with the words:

"Here yer are, sir. What paper d'ye want?"

"This is my sale, McGinniss," observed Joe, crowding in, for he was a plucky, go-ahead boy, who allowed no one to get the better of him if he could help it. His personal appearance in every way being so much superior than Pete's customers preferred to deal with him, and this advantage had inspired the enmity of the tough youth.

"Get out of me way or I'll bust yer in de snoot!" glowered McGinniss, trying to elbow Joe aside and

at the same time endeavoring to force a paper on the man. The customer, disgusted by his jostling tactics, as well as his dirty appearance, pushed him back and bought a paper of Judson.

The penny slipped out of Joe's fingers and rolled on the street. Pete made a dive for it, got it and darted away.

Joe cut after him hot-foot, and they dashed in and out among the crowd. McGinniss would have gotten away, only he ran against a fat man, and the gentleman, giving him a heavy cuff sent him back into Joe's arms.

"Hand over that penny!" demanded Judson, grabbing him by the collar of his coat.

Pete tried to wriggle free, but finding that he couldn't, he swung around and aimed a blow for Joe's face. Judson dodged his fist, tripped him up and got astride of him in a twinkling. Then he dropped his papers, seized Pete's closed fist and wrested the cent from his grasp. Jumping up, he was soon lost in the crowd.

At one of the corners of Greenpoint street, facing the ferry, stood a small news-stand owned by an old woman named Mother Meiggs, whose nature was as warped and crooked as her seamed and rugged countenance was villainous. With an artfulness characteristic of the hag she did not preside over the stand herself, but employed a pretty and interesting-looking girl to do the work. There was something about Fanny Fair, the newsgirl, that attracted the custom of the passers-by, and the stand did a flourishing business.

Fanny was an orphan, of a timid nature, and wholly under the thumb of the wicked old haridan. She didn't dare say her soul was her own, and Mother Meiggs took every advantage of the fact.

Joe had all his stock-in-trade disposed of before seven o'clock, while McGinniss had quite a bunch of papers left. As Joe was approaching Mother Meiggs's stand on his way home, where Fanny was closing up shop, Pete McGinniss came up to him, and shaking one of the dirty fists in his face, snarled:

"I'll git square wit' yer yet, see if I don't, Joe Judson!"

"You will—I don't think," replied Joe, coolly. "Do you imagine that you control the newspaper

trade around the ferry that you have the gall to butt in on another fellow's customers?"

"Yah! Dat wasn't no reg'lar customer of yours."

"That doesn't make any difference. He called me over to sell him a paper and you had to push in and try to do me out of the sale. It didn't do you any good, for the man wouldn't have it. Then on top of it, you tried to steal my penny."

"Ye're a liar! I dropped dat penny meself."

"Well, I dropped you for trying to get away with it."

"I'll fix yer for dat. Me and de gang'll get hold of yer some time and we won't do a t'ing to yer," replied Pete, darkly.

"Then the cops will get hold of you and your gang, and that will be the last of the lot of you around these diggings for some time to come."

"Yah! Dey'll get not'in'! Dat's wot we t'ink of de cops," and Pete put his thumb to his nose and wagged his fingers in a derisive kind of pantomime.

Then he walked off and bumped rudely into Fanny Fair, who was starting off with a small bundle of unsold evening papers in her arms.

"Wot's de matter wit' yer?" he said to her. "Why can't yer git out'n me way?"

Her bundle of papers fell to the walk and were scattered around the curb. Joe sprang forward and started to pick them up for her, intensely indignant at McGinniss, who kept right on his way. Fanny herself picked up a few, and then Joe tied the bundle up again for her.

"Thank you," said the girl, flashing a timid but grateful look in the boy's face.

"You're welcome, miss. If I can do anything for you at any time let me know. I sell papers around here, and you'll see me every afternoon."

"I've seen you often," she replied. "You're a very nice boy."

"Thanks for the compliment. I feel sorry that you work for Mother Meiggs. I can't see how you do it."

Fanny gave a frightened glance around, as if expecting the haridan to spring out on her from some place, and then, tucking the papers under her arm smiled shyly at Joe and tripped away.

"She's a nice girl," said Joe to himself, looking after her. "I wish I knew her better. I can see she's afraid of Mother Meiggs. The old hag must have some hold on her, otherwise I should think she'd run away from her. I wonder how the beldame got hold of her in the first place? Couldn't be she stole her when she was a little thing. I've read about such things in story books, and in the newspapers. It's mighty funny, anyway, how she lets herself be bossed around by that woman. I guess it's because she hasn't any courage. I'm dead sorry for her."

While he was speaking he was walking along one of the side streets in the direction of Newtown Creek. At length he came to a shabby brick building let out in flats of three rooms each, and occupied by about sixteen families. The ground floor was partitioned off into two small stores—one a grocery and the other a butcher shop. The entrance to the flats was on the side of the building. It was narrow, dark, and not over-clean.

The stairs were covered with a cheap and much worn oilcloth, while the walls, once on a time white, were disfigured with dirt, scratches and

various grotesque caricatures drawn by the kids in the building and neighborhood.

It was here that Joe lived with his aunt and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, on the top floor. His aunt was a mild-mannered little woman who was the slave of a big, blustering tyrant. Mr. Jenkins had a steady job as conductor on a street car, but he was one of those men who are perpetually dissatisfied with the world in general and his own fate in particular. He belonged to a certain political party, and held extreme views. He was never tired of discussing the Rights of Man, and how much better he could run things if he only had the chance of doing so, but at the same time he gave a practical illustration of his contempt of the rights of woman by browbeating his uncomplaining wife.

Although the aim of her life seemed to be to try and please him, she never succeeded in doing so, and Joe, who thought a great deal of his aunt, was thoroughly disgusted with his behavior.

When Joe entered the flat that evening he found Mr. Jenkins at the supper table and kicking as usual over something.

"Confound it, Mary!" he roared, "haven't I told you a million times that I like my steak rare?"

"I thought that was quite rare, Thomas," she protested, when he interrupted her with a bang on the table.

"You thought! That's just it. You're always thinking and never doing. If I was running this flat things would be different!"

Joe, as he listened to this outbreak, thought they would be different—decidedly so, and for the worse. He sat down after nodding to the lord and master of the establishment, and getting a frown in return. His aunt helped him to a piece of the steak, which was certainly not well done, notwithstanding Mr. Jenkins's assertion to the contrary.

The conductor took up a copy of the evening paper, and after reading five minutes he burst out into a tirade against the exactions of trusts, politicians, and finally the bloated bondholders of the railroad he was working for.

"Do you call this coffee, Mary?" he suddenly demanded, breaking off in the midst of an argument against the rich.

"Yes, Thomas," she answered, gently.

"I deny it! It's mud—mud, do you understand?"

He drank it, however, with a smothered growl, and then resumed his argument. In the midst of his declamation Joe finished his supper, put on his hat and hurriedly left the house.

CHAPTER II.—In Which Fanny Fair Finds A Protector.

Joe had been treated to a billboard ticket to one of the cheap theatres of Brooklyn Borough, and was on his way to avail himself of this chance to see a show.

He had to take a car to get to the theatre in time, and he cut across the poorest section of Greenpoint to reach the line of cars he wanted. He was passing through a particularly squalid block when a sharp scream rang from the doorway of one of the houses.

The next instant a young and pretty girl, whom he recognized as Fanny Fair, came darting out into the street pursued by a stout virago of a woman, with a fiery face blazing with passion.

Joe readily identified her as Mother Meiggs. She caught the girl by her long, disheveled hair, and began to lash her savagely with a heavy strap.

"You young hussy!" she roared. "I'll l'arn ye to be givin' my food away to persons pretendin' to be starvin' in a land of plenty. Take that, and that, and that!"

The girl screamed pitifully as the lash descended on her bare arms and thinly-draped shoulders, raising great red blisters on the flesh.

"Don't kill me!" moaned the girl.

"I'll kill yer if I feel like it. Yer belong to me and I'll do as I please with yer. Take that and——"

The strap was snatched from her uplifted hand and she was pushed back with a force that landed her in a heap in the gutter.

"If you wasn't a woman I'd knock the block off you," cried Joe Judson, so angry that he hardly knew what he was saying.

The virago was so shaken up by her fall that at first she didn't know what had happened to her. She picked herself up with some difficulty for the shock had got into her head and made her see things double.

"You bloodthirsty young viper!" she exclaimed, mad with passion, "you shall pay for strikin' me!"

"More likely you'll pay for beating this poor girl," retorted Joe, threatening the woman with the strap in order to keep her at bay.

Mother Meiggs, however, was a born scrapper, and a little thing like a strap had but a trifling effect upon her. She advanced upon him with teeth and nails clenched, breathing vengeance upon both him and Fanny. What she didn't mean to do to both of them, when she got her hands on them, wasn't worth considering. The racket aroused the whole population of the immediate vicinity. The windows filled with women and children, and doorways with tough-looking men, all eager to see Mother Meiggs, who was well known to them, as a matter of course, on the rampage.

Fanny Fair had long enjoyed the sympathy of the neighborhood, but few of the men or women had ever had the courage to interfere between her and her tyrant, for the old beldame's prowess was much respected by her neighbors.

A circle of slatternly children began to gather at a respectful distance from the principals in the racket, and eyed them with interest and not a little fear.

Fanny's tears and terrified demeanor, but more than all Joe's plucky attitude in facing the female terror of the block, aroused general sympathy in their favor. To the surprise of the crowd of spectators, Mother Meiggs did not rush in and attack the boy, as they expected her to do. Although Joe wasn't aware of the fact, he had a more powerful weapon about him than if his fists had been double their size and as hard as sledge-hammers. He had a steady, unquailing eye, and that daunted the old woman. She began to approach the boy with caution, and then to circle around him like a wild animal maneuvering for a favorable chance to spring upon its victim. Her

unusual tactics amazed the onlookers, and gradually the babel of sounds ceased and a strained interest and tense excitement succeeded. Joe watched Mother Meiggs narrowly, never allowing his gaze to leave her for a moment. In this way the hag, little by little, circled completely around Joe and Fanny, and yet refrained from making an attack. All the time her eyes glowed with a sullen, malevolent fire, before which the street lamp that lit up the circle paled into insignificance. At last Joe, tired of the strain, made a sudden step forward. Mother Meiggs started back, tripped over a stone and fell backward.

Her head struck the curbing with a whack and she rolled over senseless. When the crowd saw that she made no movement to get up a shout of satisfaction rent the air, and many flattering expressions were heaped on Joe. He took instant advantage of the chance to get away from the spot.

"Come, Fanny," he said, grasping her by the hand; "let us get away from here as fast as we can. You remember me, don't you? I'm the news-boy who sells papers at the ferry. I picked up the papers that Pete McGinness knocked out of your hand this evening when you were leaving your stand."

"Yes, yes, I remember you," she replied, smiling through her tears. "Your name is Joe, isn't it?"

"Yes, Joe Judson."

"I am grateful to you for saving me from Mother Meiggs. She beat me dreadfully because I gave a poor starving woman something to eat to-night. She would have beaten me worse if it hadn't been for you."

"She shan't beat you any more after this. I'll see to that," said Joe, in a determined tone.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" cried the frightened girl.

"Come up the street a bit and I'll tell you."

He led her away from the crowd that had gathered about them until they got as far as the corner.

"Now, Fanny, I'm going to take you to my aunt's. You'll be safe there until I can find you a home somewhere a good distance from Mother Meiggs."

Joe talked so reassuringly to her, and she regarded him as such a wonderful boy to be able to defend her successfully against her tyrant, that she was willing to believe anything he said. And so she went along with him, as trustfully as though he really were her own brother, until at length they reached the flat-house where the Jenkinses lived. Joe took her upstairs, and astonished his aunt and her husband by bringing her into their flat and asking protection for her over that night, at least.

Mr. Jenkins at first regarded the boy's actions with a sour look. In the first place they had no accommodations for the girl, and in the second he didn't propose to make his flat a roosting-spot for a strange girl anyway. He changed front, however, when he heard a full explanation of the case, for he had just been impressed by a similar kind of story he had been reading in the paper, and before Joe appeared with Fanny he had been declaring his sentiments on the subject to his wife in no uncertain terms. This left him in a position where he would either

have to eat his words or help the girl out of her predicament.

"Well, we'll take her in tonight," he said, "but you'll have to let her have your sofa-bed in the sittin' room," to Joe. "I dare say you won't mind bunkin' on the floor here. Your aunt will furnish you with a spare blanket or two."

"I'm willing to put up with anything so long as you do the right thing by Fanny," replied Joe, cheerfully.

The matter being thus amicably settled, Mr. Jenkins told the girl to consider herself under their protection until something could be done for her.

CHAPTER III.—Fanny's Story.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind tellin' us some-thin' about yourself, young lady," said Mr. Jenkins, regarding Fanny with an air of interest, for there was something about the girl that told the conductor that Joe's protegee was not of common stock. "How came you to be livin' with that old hag, and in such a low section? You don't look as if you was always used to such people."

"I once lived in a nice house in Boston," she began, "and I remember I had everything I wanted. I had a Shetland pony, a dog-cart, and lots of playthings."

"Were your folks rich?" asked Joe in surprise.

"My father worked in a big bank."

"Then he must have been rich."

"I don't think we were rich, for we didn't live in a grand house like the president, and my mother didn't wear fine clothes like many ladies did, and we didn't give balls and parties like the big people; but we lived nicely. I went to school, and learned to lay the piano, and I was very happy until——"

Fanny paused and her eyes filled with tears.

"Until what, Fanny?" asked Joe, gently.

"Until one day a dreadful thing happened."

"A dreadful thing!" repeated Joe, while his aunt and her husband looked at the girl curiously.

"Yes," she said, in a choked voice. "One night the president of the bank came with another man and took my father away in a cab."

"What for?" asked Joe. "Where did they take him to?"

"To the bank and afterward to prison."

A profound silence followed her words. Joe and his aunt looked their sympathy, but Mr. Jenkins evidently had his own opinion on the subject.

"My father wouldn't do such a thing. It was wicked to charge him with stealing," she cried, energetically, while her lovely eyes flashed indignantly. "He wouldn't take a cent from anybody that didn't belong to him. I hope you'll believe that."

"Of course we believe it," replied Joe.

"Well, what did they do with your father?" he asked.

"They sent him away to another prison a long distance off."

"How long did he stay in prison?" asked Joe, sympathetically.

"Mother Meiggs told me the other day that he is there yet," sobbed the girl.

"What did your mother do after your father was sent away?"

"She was very unhappy, and so was I. Nobody would notice us any more. They said my father was a thief, and they did not care to know us any more."

"They ought to have been ashamed of themselves," said Joe, indignantly.

"We had to leave our home, which was broken up and everything sold," went on the girl in a sad voice. "The landlord wouldn't let us stay anyway, because the people objected to us as neighbors."

"Then your folks didn't own the house you lived in?" said Joe.

"No. Mother and I went to live in Washington Village, which is part of Boston. She tried to make a living by teaching the piano. We were getting on pretty well when somebody found out that my father was in prison and told it all about. Mother lost all her pupils, and the landlord of the house told us we must get out."

"What, again?" gasped Joe. "And because your father was in prison?"

"Yes," fluttered the girl.

"You and your mother wasn't responsible for that. You hadn't done anything wrong. People ought to have been kind to you, and sympathized with you, instead of acting in a cruel way toward you."

Mr. Jenkins grunted and puffed away at his pipe.

"We had to move back to a poor place in Boston because we had so little money. We came to live in a house like this."

Mr. Jenkins took his pipe out of his mouth, got red in the face and glared at Fanny.

Evidently he didn't like the allusion to "a house like this," which the girl had called "a poor place."

"We hadn't lived there long when mother fell ill. The dispensary doctor came to see her. He said she was very bad and sent a big, common-looking woman to nurse her. That was Mother Meiggs."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Joe.

"Mother Meiggs knew that my father was in prison, and she talked to mother about it, which she had no right to do, for it only made her worse."

"I should think so," growled Joe. "Why didn't you tell the doctor?"

"I did tell him that Mother Meiggs—she was called Mrs. Meiggs then—was not treating my mother kindly, but he didn't do anything about it. Mother Meiggs told all the people in the house that my father was in State's prison for robbing a bank."

"The old haridan!" said Joe. "I suppose, then, the people wouldn't come near you, like the others."

"The people in the house were nearly all very poor, and not very nice in their manners, but they didn't treat us like the better people did. They called on mother, and helped us all they could, and sympathized with her."

"Well, how did things come on? Did your mother get well?" asked Joe.

"No," replied the girl, bursting into tears; "she died."

"What then?" asked Joe, in a choked voice. "Was she buried in Potter's Field?"

"No," sobbed Fanny. "On the day she died a carriage came to the street and a man from the bank where father had worked came upstairs. He seemed shocked on seeing my mother dead and in such a poor place. He spoke to me and then went away. After a while a nice coffin came to the house and my mother was taken to an undertaker's place. The man came back and wanted to take me to his house. Mother Meiggs told him she'd take me there in a little while, so the man gave her some money and his address."

"Did she take you?" asked Joe, in a tone of interest.

"No. She carried me away to a low place where she had lived before she came to look after my mother, and that night carried me on a boat, and in the morning we were in New York."

"Why didn't you kick?"

"She threatened to kill me if I didn't do as she said. She showed me a horrid-looking knife, and put the point against my neck. I was terribly frightened, and didn't dare do anything."

"She took me to live in an awful place in the city. It was so dirty, and common, and the people were so bad, that I soon got sick and nearly died," said Fanny. "But I got well at last. Then Mother Meiggs told me that it was time for me to get my own living, saying that she did not keep cats nor kittens that didn't catch mice."

"What did she make you do?" asked Joe.

"She took me to a place where they sorted out rags, and she made me work there. When the man paid me she took the money, and often beat me if I didn't make as much as she thought I ought to."

"What an old villain!"

"A year ago she brought me over here, and we went to live in Dover street, where you saw me tonight. After a while Mother Meiggs bought out that news-stand on the corner of Greenpoint street, and she made me sell papers there every afternoon. She said if I dared run away from her she'd follow me till she found me, and then she'd have my life," said Fanny, shuddering and looking in a frightened way at the door, as if she half expected to see the old hag jump in with a long knife in her hand.

"Well, don't you worry about her following you," said Joe, in a resolute tone. "I am going to protect you. If Mother Meiggs should get on your track she'll have me to reckon with, and she won't find that an easy proposition, bet your life."

The boy threw one arm protectingly around the girl and she nestled close to him, as if she felt that nothing could harm her while he was near.

"So you're goin' to take charge of that girl, are you?" said Mr. Jenkins, to Joe, after Fanny and Mrs. Jenkins had withdrawn.

There was an incredulous, sneering ring in his tones.

"Yes, I am," replied Joe, stoutly.

"Humph!" said Mr. Jenkins. "I think I see you doin' it. How can you when you can't more'n

pay your board here, and we don't charge nothin' to speak of?"

"I'll do it," replied Joe, resolutely.

"How?" asked the conductor, blowing out a cloud of smoke. "By sellin' papers?"

"No. I'm going to try and get a regular job."

"Just woke up to that, have you?" sneered Mr. Jenkins.

Joe made no reply to the conductor's remark. He easily saw that his aunt's husband had no sympathy for his plan of looking after the unfortunate girl. Whatever Joe earned he wanted him to turn into the house so that he and his wife would get the benefit of it.

It was now ten o'clock, and as Mr. Jenkins had to get to work early he finished his pipe and went to his room.

Joe talked to his aunt about Fanny's future for an hour after that, and then, after being supplied with a pair of blankets, he turned in on the kitchen floor for the night.

CHAPTER IV.—Joe Finds a Home for Fanny.

Mr. Jenkins had gone to work when Fanny was called to breakfast the next morning. She was rather glad that he was away, for she was a bit afraid of him. Joe looked the morning papers over for something that might suit the girl. He saw an advertisement which stated that an elderly lady of means wanted a young girl companion who could make herself generally useful. He read it out to his aunt and Fanny.

"That would be just the place for you," he said to his protegee.

The address gave a number on Madison avenue, New York.

"The lady must be pretty well off," continued Joe, "for Madison avenue is one of the best residential streets on the other side of the river."

Joe cut the advertisement out of the paper, and soon afterward he and Fanny left the flat together. They crossed the river and walked all the way to No. — Madison avenue.

It was quite a long walk, but Fanny was a healthy girl and didn't mind it no more than Joe did. They mounted the high stoop and Joe rang the bell with a firm hand.

When a servant came to the door Joe stated their errand and they were shown up to the sitting-room, on the second floor. In a few minutes a motherly-looking lady entered the room.

"Are you Mrs. Burgess, ma'am?" asked Joe.

The lady nodded.

"This is Fanny Fair, ma'am, and she's come in answer to your advertisement in this morning's paper."

"Have you brought references?" she asked.

Fanny looked helplessly at Joe, and he nearly fell off his chair. He had not thought of such a thing.

"No, ma'am," he said, with a disappointed face. "We didn't bring any references."

"You should have done so," replied the lady. "It is necessary that I should know something about the young person I take into my house."

"Yes, ma'am. I forgot all about that. Well, Fanny, I guess we'd better go. I'm afraid the lady doesn't want you. I'm very sorry we put you to

the trouble of seeing us, ma'am, and I'm sorry that Fanny can't come here, for I like your face, ma'am. I know you'd be kind to her. We'll go now, ma'am, with your permission."

"Wait a moment," said the lady, who had been much impressed not only by Joe's earnest speech, but by Fanny herself, for the girl's face and innocent manner appeared to her very strongly. "Sit down. I want to talk to your—sister, I think you said?"

"No, ma'am, she isn't my real sister, but I promised to be a brother and protector to her, and that's why I mentioned the word."

"Well, perhaps we can get over the question of reference if you think you can't furnish satisfactory ones. Have you a father or mother living, my dear?"

"My father is living," replied the girl, her lips quivering at the recollection of her father's unhappy fate.

"I presume he is living in this city; that is, somewhere in Greater New York?"

"No, ma'am," replied the girl, with downcast eyes.

"Where is your father?"

Fanny tried to answer, but she choked up and burst into tears. Mrs. Burgess looked her astonishment, then she turned to Joe for an explanation.

"You might as well know the truth, ma'am," Joe said, with a flash in his eye. "Her father was a bank clerk in Boston, and he's in the State's prison because he was convicted of taking money that wasn't his own from the bank. But that doesn't prove that he was guilty, ma'am. I've heard that many an innocent man has been railroaded to prison to save others higher up."

Joe didn't dream that when he uttered those words he was telling the exact facts about Fanny's father.

George Fair had been railroaded to the State's prison to save the president of the bank from a similar fate. No one knew the fact but the president himself, and his guilty conscience had given him no rest from the hour he discovered his cashier's wife dead in a common tenement in the purlieus of Boston, and his daughter reduced almost to rags.

It had been his intention to rescue the child and bring her up at his own expense, but his benevolent purpose had been thwarted by her disappearance at the time of her mother's death.

When Joe admitted that Fanny's father was serving time in the Massachusetts State prison after being convicted of robbing the bank where he was employed, she was not a little shocked.

"Tell me your history, dear," she said, kindly. "Do not be afraid that I will hold anything against you because of your father, whether he be guilty or not. You are not to blame for his acts."

But Fanny only wept harder, as the lady stroked her fair hair.

"I'll tell you, ma'am," said Joe, and he did.

He repeated the story Fanny had told him the night before, dwelling on those parts where the girl and her mother had suffered through the prejudice of the respectable element of the community, showing with a pathetic eloquence how the pair had been forced down the rungs of prosperity till they fetched up at the bottom.

Then he told how Fanny had been kidnapped by Mother Meiggs, brought to New York and practically held a prisoner ever since until he had rescued her the preceding night by doing up the old haridan.

"And you have only known this girl less than twenty-four hours, and yet you have taken her to your heart as a sister!" said Mrs. Burgess.

I have known her for some weeks by sight, ma'am, but I don't ask to know her any better than I do now. She's an honest, good little girl, and whether you take her or not, ma'am, she will never want for a friend as long as I live."

It wasn't possible for the lady to doubt the boy's loyalty to his new companion.

"Have you a father and mother, my boy?" she asked him.

"No, ma'am, I'm sorry to say I haven't; but I have an aunt, and she's the best woman in all the world."

"What do you do for a living, for I presume you are obliged to work?"

"I sell papers at the Greenpoint ferry, ma'am."

"Wouldn't you like a better position? You look to me like a smart, ambitious boy, and unusually intelligent."

"I am looking for a job with a future, ma'am," he replied.

"Then I will help you. My brother is president of the Greenpoint ferry. I will give you a letter to him, urging him to find you something to do."

"Thank you, ma'am. I am very much obliged to you. But I'd rather you'd do something for Fanny."

"I'll take Fanny, not only on your recommendation, but because I believe in her face. I feel sure I shall not be disappointed in her."

"You will not," said Joe, emphatically. "I'd like to ask one favor, ma'am."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Burgess, with a big smile.

"I want you to let me call and see her sometimes," he said, earnestly. "I haven't known her long, it is true, but we've promised to be brother and sister, and so—you understand what I mean."

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" cried Fanny, throwing her arms around his neck and bursting into tears again. "I'd rather not stay than lose you. You've been my friend when no one else would stand up for me. I love you, Joe, I love you!"

Mrs. Burgess was visibly affected by the attitude of the young people toward each other, and she hastened to assure them that they should see each other as often as once a week if they wanted to. This was satisfactory to Joe, at any rate, though Fanny clung to him and didn't want him to go away. While Mrs. Burgess was writing a strong recommendation to her brother for Joe the boy comforted his little friend and told her that she couldn't have gotten a better place to live if it had been made to order for her.

Then, taking the letter and thanking Mrs. Burgess for it, he took leave of Fanny and left the house, satisfied that the girl would be well cared for.

CHAPTER V.—The Elusive Wallet.

Mr. Elliot Story, Mrs. Burgess' brother, besides being president of the Greenpoint Ferry Co., was head of an uptown bank, and Joe was

dicted by the lady to go to that institution to see him. Reaching the bank, Joe inquired for Mr. Story.

The attendant, after sizing him up, asked what his business was with Mr. Story.

"I've got a letter for him," replied Joe.

"Well, give me the letter and I'll take it in to him. You can wait here till I return."

Joe handed him the letter and he took it into the president's office. In a few minutes he came out and asked the boy to follow him.

"You are Joseph Judson, are you?" said Mr. Story when Joe was shown into his office.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy respectfully.

"My sister requests me to try and get you a position of some kind. What have you been doing?"

"I've been selling newspapers since I left school, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"At No. — Blank street, Greenpoint."

"With your parents?"

"I live with my aunt. My father and mother are dead."

"Would you like to work on a ferryboat?"

"I don't mind what I do, sir, so long as it offers me a chance to get ahead."

"If you prove to be as smart as you look, and are ambitious to make your mark, you can work your way up to be captain of a ferryboat in time. Or you can study for a pilot's position while serving your time aboard one of the boats. I do not know if there is any likelihood of an immediate vacancy aboard our boats, but I will communicate with the captains and furnish them with your name and address, requesting that they put your application for a position on file. They appoint the deckhands and other employees, and you will hear from one of them in due course."

His aunt was very glad to hear that things had turned out so satisfactory for Fanny, and she was also pleased that Joe was in line for something better than selling newspapers.

After dinner Joe hastened to get the earlier afternoon editions of the New York papers, and he was soon at his stamping-grounds near the ferry house. A boat from Twenty-Third street came in about this time, and there was quite a number of passengers and vehicles aboard of her. Joe hustled around among the former to sell his papers. Among them was a tall, well-dressed man of about fifty years. He was accompanied by a sharp-featured man of perhaps thirty. As Joe was casually looking in their direction the older man drew a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his face, and the boy thought he saw something fall from his pocket. He was not quite sure about it, and so he sauntered slowly over to the spot where they had passed at the time. Sure enough, lying in the dirt he saw a good-sized wallet. He pounced upon it at once. It was an expensive pocketbook and on the flap in gold letters, was stamped the name of Frederick DeHaven.

"Looks as if it might contain something of value," muttered Joe. "That gentleman with the light overcoat must have dropped it. Where is he now?"

The boy looked around, but the two men in question were not in sight. He ran across to the

corner of Greenpoint street and looked eagerly up the street, but he couldn't see any sign of them. He scudded up the street a couple of blocks, but the men were not to be seen. Then he gave up the search for them and returned to the ferry. He sought out a retired spot near a spile-head overlooking the river and started to examine the wallet. There was about \$60 in money in it, various papers, and several newspaper clippings.

"Gee! This is a find for fair," he said, gazing at the money. "I wonder what McGinniss would say if he knew I'd found this?"

"He'd say 'halves'," cried a well-known and unpleasant voice at his elbow, and a hand was thrust forward and seized one end of the wallet.

Joe whirled around and confronted McGinniss.

"Been hookin' a pocketbook, eh?" said Pete, with a disagreeable grin. "I was on to yer and saw yer do it. Ante up half that money now or I'll give yer away to the first cop I see."

"Let that wallet go!" cried Joe, tugging at it. A struggle for its possession ensued, each hanging on for all he was worth to the prize.

"Gimme half, and I'll let go," returned Pete.

"Not on your life!"

"I'll take it all, den!"

"If you can get it you will!"

McGinniss suddenly let go, and as Joe staggered back he jumped at him and struck him a heavy blow in the face. Joe went down on his back. Pete followed up his advantage by leaping on Judson's chest and making a snatch at the wallet. One of McGinniss's friends came up at this moment and Pete called on him for help.

Between them they wrestled the wallet from Joe's grasp. As Pete sprang up Joe seized him by the leg and upset him. The pocketbook slipped from his hand, slid into a hole in the end of the dock near the ferry house, where the scrap had taken place, and disappeared.

"It's gone t'rough into de water," cried Pete's friend, peering through the hole.

"Climb down and fish it out," ejaculated McGinniss. "It's full of money."

Joe was now on his feet, and when he realized that the wallet had gone through the hole in the dock he was pretty mad. Shoving Pete's pal away, he looked through the hole and saw the wallet lying across a heavy beam near the surface of the river, where it was lapping against the embankment of the street. He determined to get it without delay. As he started to climb over the edge of the dock Pete and his friend both seized him by the arms to try and stop him.

"Come away from dat spile or I'll kick de stuffin' out'r yer!" snarled Pete.

Joe, seeing that he was struck, sprang back on the wharf and landed a swinging uppercut on McGinniss's jaw that made his teeth rattle.

Then he sprang back for the spile, and was out of sight over the end of the dock before the boys could reach him again.

"Git after him," urged Pete to his friend. "Shove him inter de river."

"Git after him yerself," replied the other boy, not relishing the job.

Lower and lower Joe crawled toward the water and the spot where the wallet lay. At that moment the ferryboat from Tenth street, Manhat-

tan, came in, and her paddle-wheels kicked up a succession of waves. Just as Joe reached for the pocketbook the water surged up with a big splash and washed it off the beam. With an exclamation of vexation the plucky boy saw it sucked out a yard or two into the river, and then it went floating away on the roughened water.

CHAPTER VI.—The Efforts of Mother Meiggs To Find Fanny.

"If that wouldn't make you mad," growled Joe, following the course of the wallet. Pete and his companion gave a shout and jumping on their legs started along the dock, keeping abreast of the floating pocketbook. The wallet soon disappeared under an adjoining wharf. Joe returned to the wharf the way he had gone down. He saw Pete and his friend on the next wharf climbing down with the evident intention of grabbing the prize when it floated clear of the wharf.

He rushed over to watch their movements and see if they were successful. As the wallet seemed to be a long time in making its appearance they disappeared under the dock to search for it.

At that moment Joe saw it floating out from under the wharf several yards away. He made for the next wharf, keeping its position in sight.

A long, low sloop was moored against the wharf and Joe saw that the wallet would strike against the side of the boat. He lost no time springing aboard of the craft, and leaning over her three-inch rail fished the pocketbook out of the river the moment it came within reach.

Then he regained the dock, where he squeezed the water from the wallet, dried it with his handkerchief as well as he could, and thrust it into his pocket. Then he hurried back to the ferry dock to find his bundle of papers. On the way he saw Pete and his companion still looking under the other wharf for the prize which had eluded them. Joe chuckled at their fruitless quest.

"Keep on," he said; "maybe you'll find it—I don't think!"

He found his bunch of papers untouched, lying near Pete's supply, and grabbing them up was soon looking around for customers. It was about five o'clock that Joe saw Mother Meiggs on the corner near her news-stand talking to Pete McGinnis. In a short time Pete came up to him and said, in a surly way:

"Mother Meiggs, of de news-stand, wants ter see yer."

"I've got no use for Mother Meiggs," replied Joe, and then he started for a man who was crossing to the ferryhouse.

Pete went back and told the old hag what Joe said. The next thing Joe knew the old woman crossed over and collared him.

"What did yer do with my Fanny, yer young viper?" she demanded.

Joe swung himself loose from her grasp and faced her defiantly.

"You old villain," he said, "you'll never see that girl again!"

"Won't I?" cackled the haridan. "I'll see if I will or not. What have yer done with her? Tell me, or I'll be the death of yer!"

"Here comes a cop now. If you don't skip I'll make a complaint against you."

The hag turned, saw the officer, and then, after hurling a storm of abuse, mingled with threats, at the boy, shuffled away from the spot and was soon out of sight. Pete, who had been a witness of the brief interview, expecting to see Joe roughly handled by the virago, was disappointed over the result.

"She'll do yer up yet," he said, darkly. "Some dark night when ye're goin' home yer'll git a knife in yer innards, and that'll be yer finish."

Joe paid no attention to his remark and went about his business. At seven o'clock he had disposed of all his papers and went home to supper.

He was shadowed at a distance by Pete McGinnis, who noted the flat house where he entered, and then went to Dover street to report the fact to Mother Meiggs. After supper Mr. Jenkins went to a corner saloon to talk with some of his acquaintances. Then Joe drew the wallet he had found from his pocket.

"See what I picked up today," he said to his aunt. "It belong to a man named Frederick De-Haven and contains \$60 in money and a lot of papers and newspaper clippings. I'm going to watch the papers to see if it's advertised for. If the owner never turns up I guess the money will belong to me."

His aunt was surprised when he exhibited the six \$10 bills, and she congratulated him on his good luck.

"Oh, the money isn't mine yet, Aunt Mary. I may have to return the whole business in a day or two."

Joe then told his aunt the full particulars of the incident. After glancing at several of the papers, which appeared to be business memoranda, he handed the pocketbook to his aunt and asked her to keep it for him. Next morning, about eleven o'clock, a surly-looking man went through the house selling shoelaces. Nobody wanted any, but the fact did not seem to bother him much. He seemed to be very inquisitive with his eye, especially when he reached the top floor and knocked on the door of the Jenkins' apartments. When both her husband and Joe were out Mrs. Jenkins was cautious in her attitude toward strange visitors. She kept the door on a chain which only permitted it of being opened a few inches, and through this narrow opening she held all converse with callers whom she did not know. The man with the shoelaces didn't have much chance to inspect the kitchen and consequently was disappointed. He couldn't tell with any degree of certainty whether there was anybody else in the room besides the little woman herself. He lingered around the neighborhood for an hour and then disappeared. That evening he turned up again, but disguised with a heavy beard like a foreigner. He had a bag over his shoulder, and he was accompanied by Mother Meiggs. They went straight up to the Jenkins' flat. The hag kept herself in the back-ground while the man rapped on the door.

Joe jumped up from the supper table and answered the summons.

"Any old clothes to sell?" whined the man, peering around the room.

"No, we're lucky to have any old clothes to wear," replied the boy.

The man muttered something and then started for the stairway. Joe closed the door and returned to the table.

"She isn't there," said the man, in a low tone, to Mother Meiggs.

"How kin yer be sure of that when yer only seen one room?" she asked.

"They're at supper, and the table is only set for three—the man, woman and the boy," he replied.

The hag uttered an imprecation.

"We must find the hussy," hissed the old woman. "I never did see sich luck. We must find her. She's worth a mint of money to me with that baby face of hers and winnin' ways. She must be somewhere 'round here. That boy is hidin' her somewhere. I'd like to strangle him, the viper! We've got to watch."

Every night and morning after that Pete McGinniss hung around the flathouse where Joe lived, and wherever Joe went he was closely watched by Pete.

CHAPTER VII.—Joe Secures A Job As A Ferry Hand.

The third day after Fanny went to live with Mrs. Burgess a letter came to the Jenkins' flat addressed to Joe. When Joe opened it he found it was from the captain of the ferryboat Osceola, on the Twenty-Third Street line of the Greenpoint Ferry. He was requested to report on board the boat at his earliest opportunity, and ask for the writer.

"Looks like a job, Aunt Mary," said Joe, in a tone of satisfaction.

"I hope so. What do you think you'll have to do?"

"I suppose I'll have to learn the duties of a lackhand. I can tell you better after I see the captain."

"It will be much better than selling newspapers, anyhow," said the aunt.

"Sure, it will. I've done that long enough. There's nothing in it for me. This is the chance to get ahead that I've been watching for. Some day I mean to be captain of one of the boats."

"Some day, perhaps," smiled his aunt; "but it will be some years ahead."

"That's all right. Mr. Story told me that if I was smart and ambitious I might expect to reach that point in time. He also said I could study to be a pilot. He said there was a school at Eighth street and Fourth avenue that I could attend after my day's duties on the boat were over. So you see I can become either a captain or a pilot one of these days, as I choose."

He put on his hat and started for the ferryhouse. As he issued from the building a boy who lived in the house, and with whom he was on friendly terms, came up to him.

"Say, Joe, you'd better keep your eye skinned for trouble," he said.

"How so?" asked Joe, in surprise.

"There's a tough rooster, with a Prince Albert coat and a loud-looking vest, on the watch for you."

"There is, eh? I know him. His name is Pete McGinniss."

"You've had trouble with him, ain't you?"

"Yes. He sells papers at the ferry."

"I noticed that he's been hanging around here every night and morning for the last two or three days. He's followed you away from the building twice to my knowledge. He's up to something, so I thought I'd warn you."

"Thanks, Jimmy. Is he around here now?"

"Yes. He's behind that fence across the road. Don't look, or he'll know I'm putting you on to him. Where are you going now?"

"To the ferry. I hope to get a job on one of the boats."

"That so? Going to give up selling papers, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I hope you'll catch on. Just take notice in a sly way as you go along if that McGinniss, as you call him, isn't following you."

"I will," replied Joe, bidding his friend good-bye. Joe changed his mind about going direct to the ferry. He went up and down several streets, walked clear around one block, all the time keeping a cautious watch behind. He found that McGinniss was following him with dogged persistency.

"I wonder what he's after?" Joe asked himself. "He's alone, and I've given him several chances to overtake me, but he keeps the same distance behind. What's his object?"

It seemed a mystery to him as he started direct for the ferry. He went into the building and made inquiries about the Osceola.

"She'll be here in about ten minutes," was the reply he got.

He walked to one side to wait for her to arrive. Then he noticed Pete's eyes on him.

"What the dickens is that rascal watching me so persistently for?" muttered the boy. "I've a great mind to go over and ask him what's his little game. Perhaps I'd better not let him know that I'm on to him. I'll just keep my eyes on him, too, after this, and see if I can find out what his purpose it."

When the boat came in Joe went aboard and asked for the captain. He was directed where to find him. The captain was a tall, well-formed man, with a full beard. Joe presented the letter he had just received from him. The captain sized him up critically.

"How old are you?" he asked, abruptly. Joe told him.

"Well, it is our rule not to employ persons under twenty-one on these boats," he said.

Joe looked very much disappointed. Apparently he was dished out of the job.

"But," continued the captain, "I have special instructions from the president of the company to waive the matter of age in your case."

Joe brightened up.

"You look strong and healthy."

"I am," replied Joe.

The captain asked him a number of questions and then took him to where Mr. Cox, the mate, was standing.

"This boy will go to work on this boat tomorrow morning," he said to the mate. "His name is Joseph Judson. Start him in at washing the windows, swabbing up the docks, and such work. Report to me in a few days how he conducts himself and does his work."

"All right, sir," replied the mate, and the captain walked away.

"You live in Greenpoint, I suppose," continued the mate, looking at Joe.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, report to me on board at—" and he mentioned the hour. "This card," he said, scribbling something on a bit of pasteboard, "will pass you through the gate."

He then told Joe to get himself some dark blue shirts in place of his white ones, and he also mentioned other matters that the boy should know at the start. The boat being on the point of leaving her slip, the mate went up to the pilot-house, where the pilot was, and Joe hurried ashore. To his astonishment he saw Pete tagging after him. He had evidently been on the boat, too.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" muttered the boy. "He couldn't watch me closer if he was a detective and I was suspected of being a crook. The first thing he knows I'll jump on his neck."

Joe rushed home to get his dinner, but Pete didn't follow him. That afternoon Joe sold the New York evening papers for the last time.

On the following morning he reported promptly on time to the mate of the ferry-boat Osceola, after posting a letter he had written to Fanny, telling her of his good luck in getting a regular job. He was put to work with another hand at swabbing the cabin floors. Subsequently he tackled the windows, and then there were other jobs allotted to him which kept him busy right along. He worked with a will and was under the actual charge of the head deckhand.

That morning Pete McGinniss hung around the flat-house and looked in vain for him to appear.

Just before the young tough went for his supply of afternoon papers he stopped in at Dover street to make his report and receive a certain cash payment from the old woman. That afternoon Pete missed Joe from his regular stamping-ground in front of the ferry-house, and he wondered where the boy had gone. Next day, however, he discovered that Joe was working on the Osceola, and he carried the news to the old hag. Thereafter he confined his shadowing operations to the evenings, but his detective work was productive of no satisfactory results, and finally the old woman got tired of paying him and called him off. She made other efforts to discover the whereabouts of Fanny, but the girl's new abiding place remained a mystery to her.

Thus several months passed away, and Joe not only made good in his new job, but came to be recognized as one of the most efficient deckhands aboard the Osceola. During this interval he saw Fanny about four times. She had made herself solid with Mrs. Burgess the very first week, and had gradually won a warm place in that lady's heart. She liked her new home very much indeed, and was quite happy and contented there, but she did not think any the less of Joe because she was so well fixed. Rather, she grew more and more attached to him as the weeks went by, for she could not forget that he had been a friend to her when she needed him very badly. And it was through his exertions wholly that she had secured her present desirable situation, and her gratitude knew no bounds. Although it seemed to her that she never could forget

what she had suffered while in the power of the old hag, nor could she entirely shake off her dread of that wicked old reprobate, still, as time slipped away, the years she had passed under the thumb of the haridan seemed more and more like an ugly dream. At the suggestion of the kind-hearted Mrs. Burgess she had written a long letter to her father, telling him of all that had happened to her since her mother's death in the Boston tenement, and how at last the sun of comparative happiness was shining on her once more, and how very happy she would be when the stern arm of the law permitted them to come together once more. She declared that she never believed him guilty of the crime of which he had been convicted, and that she never would. She told him of the good friends she had made in Joe Judson and Mrs. Burgess, and concluded by begging him to write to her.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Collision On the River.

During those months the wallet which Joe found in the street in front of the ferry-house remained undisturbed at the bottom of one of his aunt's bureau drawers.

For the first week the boy had carefully looked in the lost and found columns of the leading New York and Brooklyn papers for an advertisement relating to it, but had seen nothing that in the remotest way referred to it. At length he came to the conclusion that the money the pocketbook contained was as good as his own, but for all that he entertained some doubts as to his right to appropriate it until at least a reasonable time had elapsed. So he let the wallet remain where his aunt had put it, and after a while forgot all about it. The encouraging accounts he gave of Fanny's new life with Mrs. Burgess greatly pleased Mrs. Jenkins, and several times she expressed a strong desire to see the girl again. Joe was afraid to have Fanny visit Greenpoint, lest in some way Mother Meiggs might get on her track again and trouble come to her. At length, however, Joe discovered that the old hag had sold out her news-stand and had vanished from Dover street. He made inquiries of several residents of the block and learned from them that the old woman had gone back to her old stamping-grounds in Manhattan to live. Under these circumstances he decided that it would be safe to have Fanny come to Greenpoint to visit his aunt. So it was arranged that she should meet Joe's boat at a certain hour on the following Sunday afternoon, the boy having secured permission to go off duty a couple of hours earlier than usual. Accordingly, at the hour in question when the Osceola arrived at her slip at the foot of Twenty-third Street, Fanny was on hand ready to go aboard of her. She looked a much different girl to what she did when she went over the river the morning Joe escorted her to the house on Madison avenue.

She now looked much plumper, and, if anything, prettier. Her shapely form was attired in a brand-new China silk dress, and a stylish hat sat jauntily on her golden curls. When Joe, who was on the look-out for her, went forward to meet her as she stepped on the boat, he men-

tally decided that there wasn't a lovelier girl in Greater New York, and very proud indeed he was to enjoy the privilege of calling her his adopted sister.

"You're looking fine this afternoon, Fanny," he said, greeting her with a hug and a kiss which she blushing accepted.

"Am I?" she laughed. "I'm glad you are so pleased with my appearance. This is a new gown I put on for the first time today. Mrs. Burgess presented it to me. I am sure she's the best woman in all the world."

"I guess she is, Fanny," admitted Joe. "She certainly treats you like a daughter. You appear to have everything you want."

"I have. She not only lets me practice on the piano, but she has just made arrangements with a professor to give me two lessons a week. What do you think of that?"

"I think you fell into a regular snap when you went to live with Mrs. Burgess," said Joe, as they walked toward the bow of the boat. "And I didn't do so badly, either, through her, for I got this job. I expect to rise to be a mate one of these days, and after that, captain."

"You'll be a big man by that time, with a beard, won't you?" she smiled.

"I'll be a man, all right, but I don't know about the whiskers. I like a smooth face better. Of course, if you want me to have whiskers I'll consider the matter. I feel bound to do whatever pleases you."

"You are very nice to say that, Joe," she said, laying her hand on his arm. "You are a dear, good brother to me, and I love you very dearly."

"And will you always love me just as dearly?" he asked, eagerly.

"Always," she replied, with a positive nod.

Her reply made Joe very happy. In a few minutes the boat started and he had to leave her to attend to some duty required of him.

"You can stand here in the front of the boat, if you like, until I get back," he said, as he started to walk away. As she stood near the forward railing looking out on the sun-kissed river, two hard-looking lads approached her from behind. They were Pete McGinniss and his particular crony, Mike Grady. As Fanny's back was turned toward them, Pete did not recognize the girl. He and Mike, however, saw that she was well-dressed and attractive, saw that she was alone, judged that she was unprotected.

"Dot's wot I call a peach of a gal," said Mike Grady, regarding Fanny from behind with a look of admiration.

"You kin bet yer life she's all dat," replied Pete. "We ought to make a mash, Mike."

Pete's outward appearance was much improved on this occasion to what it was when we first introduced him to the reader. He wore a complete suit of clothes that fitted him, and shoes and stockings on, a good derby hat, a clean shirt, and sported a collar, a necktie and a Brazilian diamond scarf-pin. He also carried a gold-filled watch-chain, strung across his vest, though he had no watch in his pocket. His companion was almost similarly attired. Within the last month Pete and Mike had quit selling papers at the ferry, and the police missed their well-known faces from the neighborhood, and wondered what had become of them. It was probable that their

absence from their old stamping-grounds was looked upon as a boon, not only by the officers patrolling that section, but by the small store-keepers, whom they had often annoyed, as well.

Pete and Mike looked as if they had struck luck wherever they had gone. As a matter of fact they had, for they not only dressed like ordinary boys now, but they had money to spend in their pockets. But if the reader thinks they had improved in character for the better he will be disappointed. Pete and Mike had taken the road that lands the majority of its pedestrians in the State's prison sooner, or later. They had followed Mother Meiggs to New York, and had joined the select circle of her old friends in one of the crookedest sections of Manhattan.

They were learning how to make money by their wits and at other people's expense. The success which so far attended their efforts in this direction satisfied them that only fools are honest. Their instructors, however, did not take the trouble to point out to them that if it was a merry life, in its way, it was a short one—out of jail. At present Pete and Mike were walking on the sunny side of the way, and as prosperity seemed to beam upon them, they were persuaded that they had hitherto only been wasting their time selling newspapers. As both Pete and his companion were struck by Fanny's appearance, they decided that as she appeared to be alone they ought to make her acquaintance. There might be something in it for them in the way of a chatelaine watch, or a pocketbook, that they might find a chance to borrow on the sly. This would be profitable for them, as well as good practice in their new profession. So, after a whispered consultation they lounged up alongside the girl.

"Fine arternoon miss," said Pete, by way of breaking the ice.

"De water looks fine, don't it, miss?" said Mike, getting on the other side of her.

Fanny stepped back rather startled from the rail, and looked at the boys who were trying to force their company on her. As soon as the boys saw her face they recognized her at once as Fanny Fair, the girl who had tended Mother Meiggs' news-stand, and who, with Joe Judson's help, had without warning given the old woman the slip. They were not only surprised at meeting her so unexpectedly, but they were astonished at hers well appearance. Clearly she had struck luck as well as themselves, but they judged that it wasn't the same kind of luck.

"Why, if it ain't Fanny Fair!" ejaculated Pete.

"Powder me blue, but it is, for a fact!" exclaimed Grady.

"Who'd a-thought of meetin' yer, Fanny," said Pete. "Yer've got a swell rig on, for fair. Yer must have struck it fat somewhere. Where are yer holdin' out? Mike and me would be glad to call on yer, wouldn't we, Mike?"

"Sure, we would. We'd consider it a honor," grinned Mike.

Fanny made no reply to their free-and-easy speech. She felt frightened at their nerve, and at the fact that she had been recognized by the two boys who knew of her connection with Mother Meiggs, and she looked as she felt.

"Don't run away, Fan," said Pete, grabbing

her by the wrist. "We're old friends, yer know, and we want to talk to yer."

"I don't want anything to do with you," she replied, trying to release herself.

"Aw, wot's de use of givin' us de t'row-down, 'cause yer've got prosperous?" said Mike, with a hungry glance at the handsome gold chatelaine watch which Fanny wore on her breast—a present from Mrs. Burgess.

"Let me go, please," protested the girl.

"Don't be in a hurry," replied Pete. "We ain't goin' to hurt yer."

"Don't tear yourself away in such a rush," said Mike. "We wus goin' to offer to see yer wher-ever yer wus goin'."

Fanny looked around for Joe. She saw him coming forward from the middle of the boat where several automobiles and one horse and carriage were standing. She knew he would defend her from those rude boys and drive them away. But at that moment something happened that altered the situation without any interference on the part of Joe. The boat was approaching her Greenpoint slip, and the Tenth Street boat was just hauling out. One of the Osceola's rudder-chains snapped, or gave way in some manner. The boat, which was still under regulation speed, swung around as if on a pivot and dashed straight at the other craft. Pete and Mike, together with Fanny, stood spellbound as they saw that a collision was certain to take place. The pilot rang the bell to back the Osceola, but he saw that the threatened accident could not be averted under the circumstances, so he and the mate braced themselves to meet the shock. Pete dropped Fanny's hand, and he and his companion made a rush for safety without any thought for the girl herself. Neither had been turned out of a heroic mold, and their only thought was to save their own precious selves. When the boats came together with a crash Fanny uttered a shriek and started to run. A falling plank would have crushed her to the deck only for Joe, who seeing her peril, sprang forward and dragged her out of danger.

CHAPTER IX.—Joe's Doubts and Fears.

A scene of great excitement and confusion took place on both boats. Practically all the damage done happened to the Tenth Street boat, which had been struck head-on by the Osceola. With her engines at rest she floated away, showing a huge rent in the side of one of her cabins. There wasn't a particle of danger, however, of her sinking, but the frightened people aboard of her didn't know that, nor take any heed of the fact. They wanted to reach shore again as soon as they could—some of them so badly that only the presence and energy of the deckhands prevented them from jumping overboard. The same state of affairs existed on board of the Osceola.

Fortunately both boats were not carrying a great many passengers at the time, and the panic was quickly suppressed. The Osceola had not been greatly damaged by the collision. A portion of her port rail, near where Fanny had been standing, had been carried away, and one section of her iron folding-gates that kept the passengers within bounds had been smashed by the falling debris from the other boat. As she

couldn't be steered into her slip by the broken rudder, the pilot started to turn her around so that he could use the forward rudder. It was then discovered that the collision had put that rudder out of commission also.

That left the boat completely out of control, and the problem that now confronted the pilot was how to get her into her slip in the face of a strong tide that had to be reckoned with. While the officers and crew of the Tenth Street boat were examining the damage inflicted on their craft, the captain of the Osceola sent a couple of hands with the mate to see what was wrong with the forward rudder. While they were looking into the difficulty the boat floated with the tide up the river. When Joe seized Fanny and swung her clear of the falling beam, she had thrown her arms about his neck, and burying her head on his shoulder sobbed hysterically. The shock of the contact when the boats came together had almost taken Joe and the fair girl off their feet, but by a strong effort the boy recovered his balance and clung to Fanny.

"Save me, Joe! Save me!" she cried, in a spasm of terror.

"Don't be frightened. I've got you safe," he whispered reassuringly in her ear. "The danger is all over. Come, now, brace up, like a brave little girl."

But she had been so badly frightened that she couldn't calm herself all in a moment. She clung tightly to her adopted brother, as if he was her only haven of refuge.

"Dear, dear Joe, don't leave me!"

"I'm not going to leave you. But everything is all right now. Look around and see if it isn't."

She raised her head and gazed fearsomely about. The forward part of the deck, not far from where they stood, was littered with a pile of broken planks that had been torn from the Tenth Street boat. Otherwise, excepting the broken rail and smashed gate, nothing seemed to be different about the Osceola than before the collision, except that her engine was at rest and a number of her passengers were making their way to that end of the boat to assure themselves that the craft was in no danger of sinking.

"Oh, Joe, it was dreadful, wasn't it?" she said, drying her eyes with her handkerchief. "If you hadn't been here I know I should have been killed."

"Well, Fanny, I won't say but that you were in a dangerous situation when the boats collided. Why didn't you run at once when you saw that we were bound to butt into the Tenth Street boat?"

"I couldn't."

"You couldn't? Why not?"

"Those boys had hold of me."

"What boys are you talking about?" asked Joe, in surprise.

"Those two newsboys who recognized me, and insisted on talking to me."

Joe then recalled that he had seen two boys rush past him just as the boats came together, but in the confusion he had not recognized them as old acquaintances.

"I saw the boys, but they didn't look like newsboys," replied Joe.

"I used to see them selling papers around the ferry when I looked after Mother Meiggs' stand."

"Do you know their names?"

"One of them I heard called McGinniss."

"You can't mean Pete McGinniss!" cried Joe, in astonishment. "Why, that rascal always went barefooted, with a long-tailed coat, that didn't fit him, and a gaudy-looking vest. The boys who ran past me a while ago were pretty well dressed, like most boys, as far as I noticed."

"I didn't know them at first, but they knew me," said Fanny. "They came right up and spoke to me, and then I recognized them. I know one was McGinniss, but I don't remember the name of the other."

"You are sure it was McGinniss?" asked Joe, a bit uneasily, knowing that Pete was, or at least had been, on terms of intimacy with Mother Meiggs.

"Yes, I am sure. But they won't bother me now that you are with me," she said, confidently.

"I wish McGinniss hadn't seen you," said Joe, with some earnestness in his tone.

"What difference can it make?" she asked, wonderingly.

"It might make trouble for you."

"Trouble for me?" she cried, opening her eyes.

"Yes. If he knows where to find Mother Meiggs he'll be sure to tell her that he met you coming to Greenpoint on this boat to-day. That will start her trying to find you again."

"Oh, Joe!" exclaimed Fanny, with a frightened look.

"She'll figure that you are living somewhere in Manhattan, and it is just possible she may set a watch on me, and when I call on you again I may be shadowed to Mrs. Burgess' house. Once she locates you she'll be up to all kinds of dodges to catch you off your guard. You must tell Mrs. Burgess when you get home, and it may be better that I don't call on you again, at least for some time."

"Dear, dear Joe! I should be very unhappy if I couldn't see you," she cried, clinging to his arm.

"We could write to each other twice a week until I thought the danger was over. Wouldn't that do, Fanny?"

"But that isn't like seeing you," she pouted. "I should think you'd want to see me if you love me as you say you do."

"Of course I want to see you, but I don't want to run the chance of putting that old haridan on your track."

"I should think we could have her arrested if she tried to interfere with me."

"So we could; but she's such a foxy old woman it might be hard to get hold of her. She probably wouldn't try to catch you herself, for she knows you'd recognize her right away. She could get a man, some scoundrel she is acquainted with, to do the trick for her. It's better to be on the safe side. An ounce of prevention, you know, is worth a pound of cure."

By that time the rudder had been sufficiently repaired to enable the ferry-boat to make for her slip, so her engine was started and she steered back down the river. Reaching the neighborhood of the slip, she put in and was soon docked. The passengers rushed ashore, glad to be out of their predicament at last. Joe put on his coat and followed with Fanny. When they issued from the ferry-house Joe saw the two boys who had intruded upon his companion standing a short distance away watching the entrance. He now got a

square look at them, and he easily identified them as Pete McGinniss and Mike Grady.

As soon as they saw that he was with Fanny they walked off, but nevertheless Joe saw that they kept a sharp eye on him and the girl, and that they followed them at a distance. The ferry-boat boy didn't regard this as a good omen, and it worried him not a little. Still, there was no way out of the difficulty that he could see at present, and he said nothing to Fanny that would cause her alarm. Joe wondered at the seeming prosperity of the two newsboys. The personal appearance of both was so much improved that the boy had to admit that he scarcely would have known them if his attention had not been directly called to them by Fanny. Of the two, Pete showed the greatest change. Never before had Joe seen him with shoes on, or a decent pair of pants, not to speak of a coat, hat, clean shirt, collar and tie. His was certainly a marvelous transformation, and what brought it about Joe could not guess.

"He must have found a wad of money," he thought, "for he's certainly putting on a whole lot of style. I dare say he doesn't wear his new rig every day, but I imagine he doesn't go around barefooted any more."

Joe wouldn't have felt any special interest in Pete or his new clothes if it wasn't that he feared for the consequences, with respect to Fanny, of this meeting. Something whispered to him that Pete would bring trouble to the girl, and if it wasn't that Fanny was with him, he would have tried to have had the matter out with the rascal and his companion right there and then. He felt that he could not make any move against Pete under the circumstances, and so he and the girl walked slowly toward the flathouse where the Jenkinses lived and presently arrived there.

Just before they entered the building Joe cast a furtive look around and saw Pete and Mike Grady a short distance behind.

CHAPTER X.—An Anonymous Warning.

Fanny was received by Joe's aunt with open arms, the little woman remarking that the girl had improved very much for the better since the night that circumstances forced her to accept their humble hospitality. Mr. Jenkins was not at home, as he worked Sundays as well as week-days, and Fanny was rather pleased that he was away, as she did not like him very much.

While the girl was talking with his aunt Joe slipped downstairs and looked out to see if Pete and Mike were hanging about the neighborhood.

They were not, much to his satisfaction.

Had he known that they had hurried back to the ferry, taken a Tenth street boat for Manhattan, and then made a bee-line for a particular tough neighborhood downtown, he would have gotten Fanny out of the house and back to Mrs. Burgess's without any unnecessary delay.

Not being gifted with second-sight, he didn't know the game that Pete and his crony were up to, and so Fanny remained two hours at the Jenkins' flat, was treated to an early supper with Joe, and after being warmly invited to come over again in the near future left for the ferry in

her adopted brother's care. When they landed at Twenty-third street, Pete McGinniss, Grady, and a hard-featured man were on the watch for them.

They were spotted at once by Pete, who called the attention of his companions to them. When they boarded a car bound West the man and the two boys got into a nighthawk cab, which was waiting for them, and the driver was directed to keep pace with the car. Joe and Fanny got out at Fourth avenue and took a Madison avenue car uptown. The cab followed that car as it had the other, trailing on behind it when they reached the tunnel, and coming out after it at the other end near Forty-second street. Turning up that street a short block the car entered Madison avenue with the cab swinging on not far in the rear. After proceeding a few blocks Joe and Fanny got out and were soon ascending the stairs of Mrs. Burgess's house. Those in the cab took careful note of the number of the house, after which the vehicle went on to the corner, where Pete and Mike got out, and then the cab drove away with the man in it. McGinniss and his pal walked back down the block and took up their position at the corner, where they had a full view of the house that now sheltered Joe and the girl.

Darkness came on and they walked back to a position directly opposite the residence of Mrs. Burgess, sat down on the bottom step of a high stoop and waited. After the lapse of two hours, during which the ex-newsboys consumed a pack of cigarettes between them, the front door of the opposite house opened and Joe came out. Fanny accompanied him as far as the stoop and bade him good-by.

"Dat settles de matter," remarked Pete, as they watched Joe walk rapidly to the corner and stand there waiting for a downtown car. "De gal lives in dat house. We've got her spotted for fair. I s'pose she's one of dem maids wot waits on de lady of de house, curls her hair, and does sich t'ings. She struck a swell job, but I reckon she won't last long arter dis. Mother Meiggs'll have somethin' to say about de matter. She won't put on sich style when she moves down to Blank street. And I guess she won't run away from de old woman in sich a hurry ag'in."

"She won't git de chance, will she, Petey?" grinned Mike, as they started to board the car following the one taken by Joe.

"Betcher life she won't. And Joe Judson won't be mad, will he, when he hears dat she's lost her fine job and gone nobody knows where. Dis is where we git back at him. He's dead stuck on her, but dat's all de good it will do him. He won't never git his eyes on her ag'in arter the old lady gets her flukes on de gal once more. I'd like to tell him so, arter she's missin', and see how he takes de news, only I guess it won't be safe to do dat."

Pete and Mike remained on the car till it turned into Grand street, then they went into a Bowery restaurant and had a square meal. After leaving the eating-house they took a side street leading into the thickly-populated tenement district on the East Side, and went on till they came to Grand street, known to the police as a mighty tough neighborhood. The cops who had this beat had to watch out that they didn't get disliked, for a brick, or some other hard substance, was liable to drop on their heads when

they weren't looking for it, and send them to the hospital or the undertaker. They turned in through a low archway that at night looked as if it communicated with the infernal regions, and were soon knocking at the door of a rear building. The door was opened on a chain and a hoarse voice demanded who was there.

"Pete McGinniss and Mike Grady," replied the former.

The door was closed so that the chain could be unhooked and then it was opened again to admit them, after which the chain was replaced and an iron bar put across the door. The boys found themselves in a filthy entry illuminated only by a candle which the person who had admitted them had brought with them. Apparently they had been there before, for they did not wait for the man to lead the way, but pushed forward of their own accord. Feeling their way in the semi-darkness, they passed one door and Pete laid his hand on the knob of the second.

They entered a low-ceiled room that was hazy with tobacco smoke and permeated with a compound of villainous smells. It was hard to tell whether the odor of stale beer, or cheap whisky predominated.

They each did their best to attract notice, and a weak stomach would have stood a poor show in the place. There were three persons in the room—Mother Meiggs, who was attending to the culinary operations, the low-browed man who had accompanied the boys in the cab, and a young woman of twenty, whose dissipated looks might easily pass her off as thirty.

The old hag had a clay pipe, with a long stem in her mouth; the man had a wooden pipe from which he drew a cloud of smoke, while the young woman, whose fingers were stained with yellow, was carelessly puffing a cigarette that she had made herself.

The boys received a fraternal greeting, and after perching themselves on a couple of stools got out cigarettes and added their quota to the smoke in the room. The man who had let them in now appeared and blew out the candle. He was cadaverous, hollow-eyed and hideous. He was coughing most all the time. A hunted look shone from the depths of his eyes, and he frequently glanced at the doorway as if there was something he dreaded on the other side of it. Bad as the boys were, they were the most respectable looking of the six now gathered in the room.

"Yer jest come in time for a sassage and a tater," said Mother Meiggs, with a villainous grin.

"Don't want nothin'," replied Pete. "We had our peck at a beanery."

"Did yer, now?" chuckled the haridan. "It's good to be flush these hard times. Well, Jim tells me yer've spotted the cage that holds my pretty bird, and that yer stayed back to make sure."

"She lives at the Mad'son avenue house, all right," replied Pete, nodding his head. "Doesn't she, Mike?"

"Dat's right," answered Grady.

"Yer kin swear to that, kin yer?"

"I kin swear on a stack of Bibles as high as one of dem skyscrapers downtown."

"Good boys!" cackled the hag. "I sha'n't forget yer."

"Dat's right. Remember us in yer will," said Pete.

The sauages and fried potatoes, with bread and tea, were dished up on a dirty table, and the four adults got busy with their knives and forks, chiefly the former.

"Dat gal has a fine watch hangin' from a hook on her dress," said Pete. "Wot's de matter wit' Mike and me gettin' dat as our share of de business?"

"Is it a gold watch?" asked the hag.

"Sure, it's gold," answered Pete.

"Yer want too much. That will have to pay the expenses I've been put to to git hold of her. Maybe I'll pay yer both five bones. You ought to be satisfied with that."

"Wot's five bones?" said Pete, in disgust. "Didn't we do wot you've been tryin' to do for the last six months—spot dat gal?"

"S'pose yer did? I ain't goin' to pay out no mint of money on that account."

"She's worth a mint of money to yer. Yer've said so."

"What is she is? That's my business," snapped the hag.

"If ye're going to be a miser about it I wish I hadn't chipped in," replied Pete, in a disgruntled tone.

"Stow yer gab or yer won't git nothin'!" replied Mother Meiggs. "I paid yer a raft of coin in Greenpoint to watch that young viper who got her away from me and a deal of good it done me. Yer took me for an easy mark and worked me. Yer ain't done more'n yer ought ter do in bringin' me word about her today. Ye ought to consider yerself well paid. Ain't I put yer in the way of becomin' a flash tober if yer've got the talent? Ain't yer cuttin' fat on what ye've I'arnt already? What more do yer expect me to do for yer?"

The old woman worked herself up into a state of virtuous indignation, as if she looked upon Pete McGinniss as the most ungrateful youth that drew the breath of life. The rest of the company, barring Mike, who sided with Pete, nodded their approval of her sentiments. They were all congenial spirits, while Pete and Mike were just breaking into the business, and were still regarded with some suspicion. Pete had sense enough to see that further argument was useless, and he shut up, but his vindictive little nature turned against Mother Meiggs, and he determined to get square with her.

He had counted on getting hold of that watch, and had agreed to give Mike half the value of it in money for his share, and now he easily saw that if Fanny had it on when she was caught he wouldn't even get a smell of it. Well, if he couldn't get the watch, Mother Meiggs shouldn't get it either if he could help it. He'd put a spoke in her wheel. He'd spoil her little game against Fanny Fair, and then gloat over her rage. Next morning about ten o'clock Joe Judson received a not over-clean note, without an envelope, addressed to himself. The head deck-hand gave it to him, saying a tough-looking boy had given it to him. Joe opened the note, wondering who it could be from and read as follows:

"Joe Judson—You and Fanny was follered ves-

terday afternoon to the hous in madson avnoo. Mother meigs has her spotted. If you don't want her kidnaped get busy. a man wil do the trick. Look out for him rite away cos he's on the job. A Friend."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Joe, with a thrill of apprehension. "It must have been Pete and Mike, who laid in wait for us and shadowed us to Mrs. Burgess's home. The young villains! I won't do a thing to them when I catch sight of them. I will have to warn Mrs. Burgess at once, for this is a mighty serious matter. I'll agree to help pay for a detective to guard Fanny whenever she goes out. It would be a terrible thing for her if Mother Meiggs got hold of her again. She might cripple her for life out of revenge, or might even beat her to death. There is no time to be lost."

When the boat reached its Twenty-third street slip Joe got a sheet of paper and an envelope and wrote a note to Mrs. Burgess, in which he pointed out Fanny's danger very plainly.

He enclosed the illiterate note he had received from his unknown friend, whose identity he was at a loss to guess, and through the captain of the boat arranged to have the letter conveyed to the residence of the sister of the president of the ferry company by a special messenger, representing that it was a matter of the utmost importance.

CHAPTER XI.—Missing.

When Mrs. Burgess received Joe's note she was very much disturbed by it. She decided to see her brother about it at once. Accordingly, she dressed herself, sent for a cab and went to the bank. The result of her interview with Mr. Story was the employment of a Pinkerton detective to watch the block for suspicious loiterers. The detective was introduced to Fanny, and got from her a good description of Mother Meiggs, as well as of some of the men who had occasionally called upon the hag in Dover street, Greenpoint.

On the following day the detective arrested a low-browed man whom he had watched hanging around the neighborhood all the afternoon.

As he couldn't give a satisfactory explanation of his presence in that locality he was taken to police headquarters. He was recognized as an old offender by the sleuths of Mulberry street, and his picture was found in the Rogues' Gallery. His record showed that he had spent a large part of his life in prison. He was put through a rigid examination without getting much from him. Finally he was let go, but was shadowed by the Pinkerton man to Blank street.

The detective made a report to Mr. Story, and two headquarters men were put on the case.

They located Mother Meiggs and would have arrested her, but at the last moment somebody managed to tip her off, and she disappeared from Blank street. The Pinkerton man hovered around the neighborhood of Mrs. Burgess's home for a month, but as nothing of a suspicious nature happened during that time he was called off. Fanny, however, was not permitted to go out alone, even in the daytime, and never at

night. In the meantime Joe kept an eye open for either Pete McGinniss or Mike Grady. He had it in for both of them, never suspecting that the warning he had received about Fanny came from the former. As far as he could find out they had disappeared from Greenpoint for good, so he finally gave up looking for them.

Thus six months more slipped away, and as many changes had been made in the hands of the ferry-boat Osceola, Joe found himself the last one left of the force on board at the time he was hired. With the retirement of the head deck-hand Joe was promoted to that position, although so far as years were concerned he was the youngest hand aboard. But he was regarded as by far the most efficient, and it was also known to the captain that he was studying to eventually fit himself for the post of mate of one of the boats of the line. The captain was also aware that Joe had the backing of Mr. Story, the president of the company, although no direct request had ever come from that gentleman to advance the boy except on his merits.

Fanny continued to hold the place she won in Mrs. Burgess's heart, and was regarded almost as a daughter by the worthy Christian lady. She had written to her father at the Massachusetts State prison soon after she went to live with Mrs. Burgess. She received a brief reply from the warden of the prison stating that her father's term, reduced quite a number of months for good behavior, had expired and that he had been set free. Fanny had been overjoyed to learn this, but her joy was much mitigated by her inability to discover, even with the help of Mr. Story, where her father had gone to. Mrs. Burgess's brother communicated with the Boston police, and even offered to make it worth their while to locate George Fair, but the official who answered his letter could not throw any light on the man's whereabouts. Accordingly to police regulations he was expected to report once a month, either in person or by letter, at police headquarters, for a certain time after his release, but after turning up three times he failed to be heard from. So time passed as we have said and Fanny remained in complete ignorance as to whether her father was dead or alive. It was about this time that Joe remembered about the pocketbook he had found. He spoke to his aunt about it and she produced it from her bureau.

"I guess I can consider that money as belonging to me now," he said, taking out the \$60 and counting it over. "I'll put that in the bank with my other savings."

"How much will you have, Joe?" his aunt asked him.

"About \$250."

"That is quite a little nest-egg for a boy of your age."

"It isn't bad. I wonder who this Frederick DeHaven is? I saw him only for a moment or two that day the wallet dropped from his pocket. Had I been certain at the moment that he had really pulled something out of his pocket with his handkerchief I would have rushed up to the spot in a hurry, and then I might have been able to have overtaken him and returned it. As I only guessed I had seen something fall

I took my time about investigating the matter and in that way lost all trace of him."

Joe looked the various memoranda over very carefully, but they were unintelligible except to the owner. Then he turned his attention to the newspaper clippings, which he had not looked at before. The first he picked up was headed, "A Bank Cashier in Trouble."

As he glanced over the first few lines he uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"My gracious! Why, this is about Fanny's father."

He began to read the story with no little eagerness and excitement.

"George Fair was arrested at his home on Andover street last evening at the instance of Frederick DeHaven, president of the Plymouth Rock Bank——"

"Frederick DeHaven!" exclaimed Joe. "Why, he must be the owner of this wallet, for that name is inscribed on the flap as plain as daylight. If I'd read this clipping at the time I first got hold of the book I could have written to the Plymouth Rock Bank, of Boston, and have returned it to him at once. Well, it's not too late to do that now, though I'm afraid the explanation I shall have to make to account for the delay in hunting the gentleman up, with the clipping at my command, will look kind of odd. So the owner of this wallet is the man who sent Fanny's father to prison. And to think I should find it! I wonder what brought Mr. DeHaven all the way from Boston to Greenpoint? Probably he came to New York on business, and then had occasion to come over here. Well, I'll read the rest of this article. This clipping will, no doubt, furnish the particulars of George Fair's alleged crime."

Joe learned from the newspaper article that Fanny's father was accused of embezzling the sum of \$100,000.

The president made the discovery of the loss in an accidental manner, and following the matter up found evidence that seemed to fasten the guilt on his trusted cashier. The article wound up as follows: "George Fair will be arraigned before Judge Hogan this morning."

The next clipping gave a brief account of the examination of Fanny's father before the judge in question, and stated that the prisoner was held on the evidence of Frederick DeHaven. The third clipping was a long one and referred to the trial of George Fair on the charge of embezzlement in a certain Boston court, and showed that the jury had found him guilty. The last clipping was a mere paragraph which stated that Fanny's father had that day been sentenced by Judge Brown to seven years and six months in the State's prison. Joe looked at the four clippings thoughtfully.

"I found this wallet a year ago, about the time that Mr. Fair was released from prison, after serving out his sentence. I wonder why Mr. DeHaven carried those newspaper articles about in his pocketbook so long?"

That was a conundrum that Joe couldn't answer.

"I must take this book and clippings with me when I visit Fanny to-morrow night," he said to himself. "Perhaps she can tell me something about the personal appearance of Mr. DeHaven."

and then I will know if it corresponds with the gentleman who dropped the wallet. Still, she was only a little girl when her father was sent to prison. And she may only have seen the president of the bank once—the night he called with the detective to arrest Mr. Fair. She may hardly remember the gentleman."

As Joe was about to close the wallet he noticed a small compartment that he had not examined. In it he found a card with "Frederick DeHaven" engraved upon it in script type.

On the back of it, in writing, were the words, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Then followed, "Memory, the curse of a man's life," in red ink.

Finally penciled underneath Joe read: "Shall I ever find his child?"

The boy wondered what the writer was thinking about when he wrote those three lines, evidently at different times. Joe made it a practice to call on Fanny every Sunday night, and she was always expecting to see him at that time.

The affection the young people bore for each other was quite refreshing to Mrs. Burgess.

She honored the boy's loyalty to the girl he had rescued from a fate worse than death, and always accorded him a hearty welcome at her home. Once she asked her brother to push the boy ahead, but he replied: "Don't worry about him. He'll get to the front of his own accord. He's got the stuff in him that spells success. Mark my words, Emily, he'll be the youngest captain in our service one of these days. All he needs is a fair show, and that, I promise you, he shall have."

When Joe went to Manhattan on the following evening he carried with him the wallet he had found, with everything intact except the \$60.

Joe was a little late that evening owing to the fact that his car had been held up by a heavy automobile which had broken down across the track. His ring was answered as promptly as usual, but the maid's face did not wear its customary smile.

"Mrs. Burgess is waiting for you in the sitting-room," she said, soberly.

"Is she?" replied Joe, rather surprised at the salutation, and not dreaming that anything was wrong. He ran up the stairs, wondering what the lady of the house wanted to see him about, and expecting that Fanny would meet him at the door of the room as usual and spring into his arms for a hug and a kiss.

Fanny, much to his disappointment, was not at the door to greet him. Mrs. Burgess advanced to meet him as he entered. She looked worried and anxious.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but Fanny isn't home."

"Isn't home!" he exclaimed.

"No. And—I don't know where she is."

"You don't know where she is?" he almost gasped.

"She went to the Sunday school as usual at two o'clock, and should have been back about four. It is now half-past eight and she has had no dinner. I don't know what to think. I've telephoned my brother to come here, and I expect him any moment."

"You think something has happened to her, then?" said Joe, in a tone of alarm.

"I'm afraid to say what I think. I hope she has not been——"

"Not been what, Mrs. Burgess?" quivered the boy.

"Kidnapped by that wicked old woman."

"Great Scott!" palpitated Joe. "Don't say that. I couldn't bear to think of her in the hands of Mother Meiggs again. It would be worse than death."

The boy broke down and covered his face with his hands.

CHAPTER XII.—On the Trail of the Cab.

At that moment there was a ring at the front door, and in a few minutes Elliot Story came upstairs and was greeted by his sister.

She had briefly explained over the telephone that Fanny was unaccountably absent from home, and had begged him to come over to her house. Joe braced up and a consultation between the three ensued.

"She left for Sunday school before two, you say, Emily?" said Mr. Story.

"Yes."

"You don't know positively that she was at the school, I suppose?"

"Yes. She's in the Bible class. The assistant minister teaches the class. I sent the maid to his house about five o'clock, when I began to get uneasy over her lengthened absence. He told the girl that Fanny was at Sunday school as usual and left with the others."

"That was when?"

"About four o'clock."

"She may have been persuaded to go home with one of her girl friends."

"She would not do that without letting me know."

"Then you fear she has met with an accident?"

"I don't know," replied his sister.

"I will telephone the nearest police station. I believe that's the Twenty-third Precinct. The captain or sergeant will know if anything in the line of an accident has happened in this neighborhood."

"I don't believe she met with an accident," said Joe. "I'm afraid an agent of Mother Meiggs managed to get hold of her in some way," said the boy, gloomily.

Mr. Story, however, scouted the idea that the girl could have been carried off against her will in broad daylight, and he went to the telephone and got into touch with the police station. He found out that no accident of any kind had been reported that afternoon in the precinct. There was another ring at the doorbell. Presently the maid came upstairs with a little boy of ten.

"This boy says he found a small wallet on the avenue near the corner of Fifty-first Street about half-past six," said the maid to her mistress. "He took it home and showed it to his mother. She opened it and found one of your cards inside of it. Presuming that it belonged to you she sent the boy here with it."

"That's Fanny's wallet," exclaimed Mrs. Burgess, the moment her eyes rested on it. "She took it with her when she went to Sunday school."

She questioned the boy closely as to the exact place where he found the pocketbook, and he

stated that it was near the curb at the northwest corner of Fifty-first Street. The boy was then allowed to go. Joe, after listening to the lad's statement, jumped up and said he was going out, but expected to be back presently. He went up to Fifty-first Street and stood on the corner for a few minutes. He crossed over to the southeast corner of the avenue, mounted the stoop of the corner house and rang the bell. He asked for the gentleman of the house and was shown into the parlor. When he came Joe asked him if any member of his family had noticed a public cab standing near the northwest corner of the avenue that afternoon about four o'clock.

The gentleman looked surprised at the question, but said he would ask his wife and daughters, who were in the house at that hour. He returned with his youngest daughter, who told Joe that she had seen a cab standing near the corner, and that it was there some time. She said that just before it drove away a well-dressed young man got out of it and raised his hat to a young girl who was walking down the avenue. He spoke with her a moment or two and then led her toward the cab. She said she thought the girl went rather reluctantly, and the next thing she saw was the cab being driven away eastward along Fifty-first Street.

"And the girl was inside of it?" said Joe, in an agitated tone.

"I didn't see her get in, but she wasn't on the sidewalk when the cab drove away."

"Can you describe the girl?" asked Joe, excitedly.

The young lady did so, accurately enough to convince Joe that it was Fanny.

"Thank you," he said. "You have done me a great favor."

"Do you know that girl?" asked the young lady, curiously.

"I do. She is my adopted sister," he replied. "I am very much obliged to you for the information. It has thrown considerable light on a matter of grave importance. I suppose the cab was an ordinary one, miss?"

"It was very ordinary," she answered. "Quite shabby, in fact, and had a diamond-shaped patch of light-colored wood in the back."

"A diamond-shaped patch on the back!" exclaimed Joe, eagerly, for that was a clue of great value. "Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I noticed it particularly."

He thanked them again, took his leave and hastened back to Mrs. Burgess's home, where he reported what he had learned. The matter was laid before the police. Mr. Story declared that no time was to be lost if the girl was to be rescued, as by that time she was probably in the hands of Mother Meiggs. He wanted the smartest detectives detailed on the job, and offered a reward of \$1,000 to spur them on their task. Three sleuths were called on to take the case in hand. Joe told them what he had learned from the young lady and also expressed a strong desire to assist the detectives in their search. They were not particularly anxious to have him do so, and one of them, after a wink at his associates, said to the boy:

"Well, if you want to help, I'll tell you what you can do as a starter. We are going out to try and locate the stable that sent out that cab. This may or may not take us some little time.

While we are doing this you'd better take in the ferries on the East River, and make inquiries in regard to a cab answering as near as possible to the description furnished you by that young lady. Start with the Forty-second Street Ferry, which goes down the river to Broadway, Brooklyn. Then, if you learn nothing there, go on to the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, which crosses to Hunter's Point. It is more than possible that as the cab was last seen heading toward the river along Fifty-first Street it crossed over to the Long Island shore by either of these ferries. If you learn anything worth reporting telephone the station here and we'll get it."

The boy took his words in good faith, and bidding Mr. Story good-night, started for the ferry at the foot of Forty-second Street. He interviewed the wharf men, and the deckhands of the boat in the slip, but none of the people had noticed such a vehicle. Disappointed with the outcome, he walked dejectedly down the river-front to the Hunter's Point Ferry at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street. Then the first deckhand he struck told him that he had seen just such a cab drive aboard the boat about five o'clock. Joe brightened up at once.

"Did you notice if there was a young girl inside the cab?" he asked, eagerly.

"There was," replied the man. "Her eyes were closed, and she was leaning back as if asleep, or indifferent as to her surroundings."

Joe knew he was on the right track now, so, after learning all the man had to say he went to the nearest drug store and telephoned the facts to the Twenty-third Precinct Police Station. Then he returned to the ferry and took the next boat for Hunter's Point.

CHAPTER XIII.—Tracked to Cover.

When Joe arrived on the other side of the river he began making inquiries about the cab again, as his object was to ascertain in what direction the vehicle had gone. At length to his great satisfaction he found a policeman who had noticed the cab with the diamond-shaped patch. The vehicle was proceeding at a smart trot out Borden Avenue, which was a long thoroughfare running to Calvary Cemetery. It was now about eleven o'clock, and Joe didn't think that he would be able to accomplish anything more that night. At a venture he sprang aboard a car that ran to the cemetery. He was the only passenger, and after sitting a short time inside, he couldn't stand the pressure of his thoughts, so he walked out on the platform and entered into conversation with the conductor.

Joe, feeling that it would be a relief to talk about the matter, told the conductor how his adopted sister had been abducted late that afternoon from the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-first Street. He said she had been carried off by a cab which he was trying to follow.

"Did it come out this way?" asked the man, interestedly.

"A policeman at the ferry told me he saw the cab driving straight out this avenue."

"How could he know that it was the cab you were after?" asked the conductor in some surprise.

"Because I described it to him. It was a shabby vehicle, with a diamond-shaped patch on the back."

"I saw such a cab, just at dark!" said the conductor.

"You did?" cried Joe, in some excitement. "Where?"

"On this avenue, out by the branch of Newtown Creek which connects with Dutch Kills."

"How came you to notice it?"

"It was the only vehicle near at the time, and its shabby appearance, coupled with the diamond-shaped patch, attracted my attention. Just as we passed it the driver turned off the avenue and began to follow the course of the creek branch. I wondered what he did that for, and kept the cab in sight until I saw it stop in front of an old building standing beside the creek. By that time my car was so far away that the gathering darkness shut out any further sight of the vehicle."

"By George!" exclaimed the delighted Joe. "It was fortunate that I came to get aboard of your car. You have put me on the right track. You must let me off at the place where the cab turned off this avenue, and I'll go on to that house and see what I can find out."

"I will do so, of course, but it seems to me that you are undertaking what may prove a dangerous piece of business for you. That's a lonesome locality out there, particularly at night. Nobody but rascals would be in the kidnapping business, and if they catch you butting in on them it seems likely that they'll do you up to save themselves from the consequences of capture."

"I'm not going to let them catch me if I can help myself. In any case I'm going to save my adopted sister from the terrible fate that menaces her if it costs me my life," said Joe, resolutely.

"I can see that you're a brave young chap," said the conductor, regarding him with a look of admiration; "but wouldn't it be better for you and the girl herself if you took the next car we pass back and notified the police how matters stand?"

"No," replied Joe. "I must find out whether Fanny Fair is in that house or not before I decide on what course I shall follow. I'll tell you what you can do to help me. You can telephone the police yourself when you get back, let them know the particulars that I have told you, state where you saw the cab stop, and tell them I am out there on the watch. No doubt a couple of detectives will be sent to look into the case."

"I'll do it," replied the conductor.

Fifteen minutes later the car crossed a small bridge.

"The house's where the cab turned out," said the conductor, pulling the bell strap. "It followed the creek in that direction, toward Dutch Kills."

"All right," answered the boy. "Good-night, and don't fail to notify the police."

"I won't fail. Good luck to you," replied the conductor, as the car sped on, leaving Joe standing beside the track.

The night was dark and overcast, and a cold breeze swept across the lonesome landscape. Joe crossed the avenue and started to follow the course of the creek. After going less than a quarter of a mile he saw the dark outlines of a building looming up ahead. He saw that it was right on the edge of the water and judged that it was the house at which the cab had stopped. As Joe cautiously approached the building he

heard the sound of voices coming from a side stoop, and he saw the glowing tips of lighted cigarettes shining through the darkness. He immediately dropped down in the rank vegetable overgrowth that grew all about the house and tried to hear what they were talking about.

"Dere's no use talkin', Petey, de old woman is about as foxy as dey come," said the voice of Mike Grady, which Joe recognized at once.

"Dat's wot," replied Pete McGinniss, blowing out a cloud of smoke from his nose. "De hawks will never track de gal to dis caboose. Dey'll look for her in de city. Arter de scent gets cold den Mother Meiggs'll take her back to Boston and see wot she kin make out'r her."

"Do yer know, Petey, I feel kind'r sorry for dat gal. She's a good un. She's done not'in but cry ever since she come out'r her dope. I listened at de door of de garrett a while ago and I heard her callin' for dat Joe. Jest as if he know'd where she wuz and could come to her. She'd have been in dis scrape six mont's ago if yer hadn't tipped Judson off wit' dat letter 'cos yer got a grouch on ag'in de old woman. Bug Davis got pinched by a Pinkerton chap who was set to watch de house, and had a lot of trouble over it, and de old woman had to light out mighty sudden to save herself. If dey knowed yer wuz de cause of all dat I'm a-tinkin' dere'd be somet'in doin' yer wouldn't like."

"Dey'll never find out unless yer blow de gaff, and I don't look for yer to go back on yer old pal," replied McGinniss.

"I won't say not'in'. Wot do yer take me for?"

"I take yer for a friend."

"Dat's wot I am. Me and you is all right, ain't we, Petey?"

"Sure, we is. Now, Mike, wot we come out here to talk about was dat dere swag dat me and you helped Bug Davis and Jim Swift to lift de udder night. I heard Mother Meiggs and dem talkin' about it a while ago, and I heard enough to know dat we're goin' to git a t'row-down. Dat stuff dey pinched from de banker's house is wort' a hundred t'ousand cases if it's wort' a cent. So Jim said, and he ought'r know. He expects to get rid of it little by little for \$25,000, all told. Me and you together ought'r git five t'ousand of dat."

"Sure, we ought."

"How much do yer s'pose dey're goin' to give us?"

"How much?"

"A measly five hundred."

"Wot! Bot' of us?" exclaimed Mike.

"Yep. Bot' of us."

"Well, wouldn't dat make yer sick!" ejaculated Mike, disgustedly. "Arter we took de same chances of gittin' pinched dey did, and kept a sharp watch so dat dey could do de work in fust-class style!"

"Dat's right. It would. Now, I ain't goin' to stand for it."

"How are we goin' to help ourselves?"

"If yer've got good nerve we kin."

"How?"

"I seen where dey stowed de valise dat held de stuff."

"Where?"

"Up de chimbley of de room where Bug and Jim is sleepin' at dis moment."

"Dat's de room right under de attic where de gal is, ain't it?"

"Dat's right. De door ain't locked. If yer'll keep watch on de landin' so dat Mother Meiggs won't git on to me, I'll steal inter dat room, pull de valise out'r de chimbly, and den me and you'll skip wit' it to parts unknown. Wot d'ye say? I'm sick of New York, and de way de gang is treatin' us. De stuff in dat valise'll set us up for a long time. We kin have a swell time out'r it, and dem stuffs wot pinched it wit' our help won't never find out where we've gone to."

After thinking the matter over, Mike agreed to stand in with his pal, especially as Pete was going to do the really nervy part of the business.

"Well, let's go in," said McGinniss, when the matter was settled. "It's arter twelve now, and de old woman is asleep, I'll bet. Dey 'spects us to do de watchin' tonight. We'll watch—in a pig's whiskers."

CHAPTER XIV.—Joe Rescues Fanny and Gets Possession of a Bag of Plunder.

Joe Judson, from his place of concealment in the high vegetation, heard every word that passed between Pete McGinniss and his crony, Grady.

From that he learned that Fanny was a prisoner in the garret, and that besides the two young scamps themselves there were three adults in the house—Mother Meiggs and the two crooks, Bug Davis and Jim Swift. The crooks were asleep in a room on the second floor under the garret. Mother Meiggs probably occupied another room on the same floor. Pete's proposition to lift the proceeds of some big burglary, because he and his pal were going to be unfairly dealt with by the experienced thieves, rather astonished Joe. It struck him right away that Pete's scheme to get away with the plunder taken from the banker's house, if successful, was likely to prove advantageous to him. Their disappearance from the scene would leave the house unguarded, as it seemed, from McGinniss's words, that they were expected to watch till morning while the others slept. Under those circumstances Joe earnestly hoped the young scamps would succeed in their design, proving that "honor among thieves" was a fallacy.

"It would be a shame to let them escape with that stuff, though, if I could prevent them doing so without queering my own plans," said Joe to himself. "One hundred thousand dollars' worth of plunder is a mighty big lot. If I could recover it, and return it to the banker who was robbed, I'd be likely to get a good reward. I wonder how I could manage it if those chaps come out with the valise? I'd have to follow them some distance from the house, then knock them over in the dark from behind, snatch the valise and hide it somewhere where I could find it again. After that I could return to the house and make my attempt to rescue Fanny. There's one great difficulty I'd be up against in interfering with Pete and Mike, and that is, after they lost the valise they'd probably return to the house, and that wouldn't do at all for me. Fanny is more important to me than saving \$100,000 worth of property belonging to a stranger. She must be the first consideration. It

won't pay me to attack those young rascals unless I can knock them out so they won't be able to interfere with me afterward. How can I do that?"

It was a weighty problem for Joe to solve. As he couldn't hope to enter the house at present, even if he found entrance without difficulty, he started to look around the immediate vicinity. While he was thus engaged he heard voices behind him, and drawing to one side perceived that Pete and Mike had accomplished their purpose successfully sooner than he expected, and were making for Hunter's Point Avenue. Joe let them pass and then followed stealthily behind them. Suddenly he heard a cry from each and saw them disappear into the ground. He walked carefully forward, wondering what had happened to them, and came almost as suddenly as they had on the mouth of a big hole. On the very edge stood the valise, containing the plunder, which had slipped out of Pete's fingers. Joe looked down into the hole, but only blackness met his gaze. He ventured to strike a match and flash it down. The hole was about twelve feet deep and the two boys lay in a heap, senseless, at the bottom.

"They're safe for a while to come," said Joe to himself, with a feeling of satisfaction. "I'll have time to carry out my plans before they recover consciousness. In the meantime I'll take possession of this valise and hide it."

He found it quite heavy, but that fact didn't bother him. He carried it to a row of dense shrubbery near the avenue, shoved it well under the bushes, and then started back for the house. He tried the door opening on the porch where he had discovered the boys sitting when he first came up, and, as he expected, found it not secured. Closing the door after him, he removed his shoes and placed them conveniently near the entrance, then he crept forward and peered into a room where he saw a lamp burning. There was no one in the room, so he turned to the stairs leading to the floor above and noiselessly ascended. There were two doors leading into different rooms before him. One of them stood open. Joe glanced in.

"Good enough. The crooks are in there. The other room is no doubt occupied by Mother Meiggs," breathed the boy. "The garret, Pete said, is above this room, and yonder is the stairs. Now to rescue Fanny, if I have good luck!"

Like a shadow he slipped up the narrow stairs, and when he reached a low-ceiled landing he quietly struck a match. A door faced him, and his heart gave a great thump when he saw that it was secured on the outside by a new bolt. He pushed it back without making any noise, turned the door and entered the attic. Right before him on an old mattress, lay Fanny, asleep, exhausted by grief and despair. The problem before Joe was to awaken her without allowing her to make an outcry. He put his hand over her mouth and called, "Fanny!" in her ear. She awoke with a start, but lay still, apparently dazed and not realizing her situation.

"Fanny, it is I—Joe. Don't utter a sound. You are in peril, in the attic of the house with Mother Meiggs, and I have come to save you. Do you understand me?"

She knew his voice instantly.

"Dear, dear Joe!" she breathed through his fingers, struggling up and throwing her arms about his neck.

He saw she could be trusted now, and their lips met in a warm kiss.

"How did you find out I was in this dreadful place?" she whispered.

"Never mind that now, Fanny. We have no time to lose. I must get you out before those men in the room below, or Mother Meiggs, wake up and get on to the situation."

Joe decided that he would have to carry her downstairs, for she could not walk without making a noise with her shoes.

"Wait a moment till I see if the coast is clear," he said.

He slipped over to the door, opened it, leaned over the railing and listened. There was nothing stirring below.

He returned to Fanny, took her in his arms and carried her outside, then slowly and carefully downstairs to the second landing. Down the next flight to the ground floor he bore her, and did not put her down till he reached the door opening on the porch. Here he put his own shoes on, opened the door and drew Fanny outside, closing it after him. Taking her by the hand he led her in the direction of Hunter's Point Avenue in order to get possession of the valise with the plunder, taking care to avoid the hole at the bottom of which Pete and Mike were still lying unconscious. His purpose was then to return with Fanny to Borden Avenue, and walk the track in the direction of the ferry, hoping that they might be overtaken by a car. Fanny told him how she had been persuaded to go up to the cab standing on the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-first Street. As she approached the corner on her way from Sunday school she noticed the vehicle standing near the crossing. At that moment a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, who happened to be Jim Swift, the crook, stepped up to her and, raising his hat politely, said: "Pardon me, miss. There is a lady in that cab who seems to be very ill. Would you mind stepping over and asking her if you can do anything for her? She seems afraid of me."

As she came up to the open cab door she was suddenly seized from behind and pushed in by the crook, who slammed the door with one hand and grabbed her by the throat with the other, stifling the scream that rose to her lips. As the cab started off down the street a large sponge saturated with chloroform was held over her face, preventing her from making a sound and quickly rendering her insensible. She remembered nothing more till she came to her senses in the garret of her house and saw Mother Meiggs's villainous countenance looking triumphantly down upon her. After being left alone she had cried till she fell asleep through utter exhaustion, and the next thing she knew was being aroused to find herself in dear Joe's arms. As soon as she finished, Joe fished the valise with plunder out of the bushes, and they were about to retrace their steps when the familiar "chug, chug," of an automobile, coming down Hunter's Point Avenue, arrested their attention.

CHAPTER XV.—In Which Everything Is Brought to a Happy Conclusion.

Joe looked up the avenue and saw the twin headlights of the machine approaching at a lively

clip. He decided to try and stop it and beg transportation for himself and Fanny to the ferry, pleading exceptional circumstances. How to do this in the dark was a poser. Then he noticed at his feet a discarded newspaper. Snatching it up he quickly rolled it into a torch, ignited it with a match and dashed into the center of the avenue, waving it aloft and calling on the chauffeur to stop.

The man on the front seat, wondering what was wrong, shut off the power and applied the brakes, bringing the auto to a stop near Joe. There were two persons in the machine—the chauffeur and a stout, fine-looking man on the back seat. Joe called Fanny over and walked up to the side of the car.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to the stout man, who looked at him inquiringly, "but I stopper your auto to ask you a great favor. I have just rescued this young girl from a gang of crooks who kidnapped her from New York this afternoon."

"What's that?" cried the owner of the machine, astonished at his words.

Joe repeated his statement, and appealed to Fanny for corroboration.

"It is a long distance from here to the ferry, particularly for a girl to walk at this hour of the night. Would you permit us to ride as far in that direction as you are going?"

"Certainly," replied the gentleman. "I am going as far as upper Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. Step in, young lady. You, young man, may ride on the front seat."

The auto then resumed its way. On the journey Joe told the chauffeur the story of Fanny's abduction, and how he had been so fortunate as to be able to trace the cab and so track the girl to the house she had been carried to. Then he narrated the particulars of her rescue, without making any reference whatever to Pete McGinniss and Mike Grady or to the valise at his feet.

"Where does the young lady live?" asked the chauffeur.

"At No. — Madison Avenue, near Forty-eighth Street."

"I can take her right to her door then," said the man.

"Thank you. That will certainly be a great favor."

While Joe was entertaining the chauffeur with the events of the afternoon and night, Fanny told her own story to the owner of the vehicle, whose name was Fox. He asked her her name, and she said it was Fanny Fair.

"Indeed!" he replied; "you are a namesake of my chauffeur. His name is George Fair."

"My father's name is George Fair, too," she replied, with a little lump in her throat.

After that they chatted quite pleasantly together until the auto reached the ferry and ran aboard the waiting boat.

"The police system of New York is very much out of joint," remarked the chauffeur to Joe. "It is certainly time some improvement was made in the force when a young girl can be abducted on a public street in open daylight. Years ago my own daughter and only child was abducted from Boston on the night following her mother's death,"

he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "and she has been lost to me ever since. I have searched for her ever since I got out of——"

He stopped suddenly, and was about to go on when Joe, who had listened to his words in great surprise, said:

"Why, Miss Fair was abducted from Boston under similar circumstances six years ago."

The chauffeur turned and grasped his arm with a vise-like pressure.

"Miss Fair!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "To whom do you refer?"

"Why, to Fanny Fair, behind us, of course," replied Joe.

"My Heaven! Fanny Fair was my daughter's name."

He turned and looked searchingly at the girl in the gloom of the ferry boat.

"Your daughter!" ejaculated Joe, his voice trembling with excitement. "You don't mean to say that your name is George Fair, once cashier of the Plymouth Rock Bank, of Boston?"

"I am that man."

"Then that's your daughter! Fanny, don't scream, please, but this is your father!"

"My father!" she cried, springing to her feet in her agitation.

The chauffeur sprang over his seat and grasped the girl.

"Are you Fanny Fair, my child? Was your mother's name Lucy?"

"Yes, yes!" sobbed the girl, in great excitement.

"And your father was cashier of a Boston bank?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And you were carried off at the time of your mother's death by a woman named Mrs. Meiggs?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"Then you are indeed my child—my Fanny!" he cried, clasping her to his heart. "Thank Heaven, I have found you at last—at last!"

The owner of the auto was simply paralyzed by this remarkable climax, while the girl lay sobbing hysterically in her father's arms. By this time the boat was entering her slip at Thirty-fourth Street, and it was three o'clock in the morning.

George Fair could hardly tear himself away from his long-lost child in order to take charge of the machine. Joe, however, changed places with Fanny so she could sit beside her father, while he sat next to Mr. Fox and started to tell him something about Fanny's history. When the auto reached Madison Avenue near Forty-eighth Street it had been decided that the girl was to return to Mrs. Burgess, so as to relieve that good lady's anxiety, and that her father was to call around and see her next morning. The machine stopped at the door of the house and Joe ran up the stoop and rang the bell furiously. After a wait the maid came downstairs and opened the door.

"I've got Fanny!" said the boy, exultantly.

The maid uttered an exclamation of delight, and then Fanny, after hugging and kissing her father, ran up the steps, threw her arms around Joe's neck and kissed him, too, then sprang through the door into the house. It was arranged, with Mr. Fox's permission, that Joe was to pass

the night at his house, and so the auto went on there. After the owner got out George Fair took the machine around to a garage close by, and then he and Joe walked back.

"That seems like a weighty valise you've got there," said the chauffeur.

"It is, and a valuable one, too."

Then he told Mr. Fair that it was the plunder taken from some banker's house that Jim Swift and Bug Davis had burglarized recently.

"Why, our house was robbed three nights ago of nearly \$100,000 worth of property, mostly diamonds and other valuable jewelry belonging to Mrs. Fox," said Mr. Fair.

"Is Mr. Fox a banker?" asked Joe, with great interest.

"He is."

"Then maybe this plunder that I recovered was taken from his house."

"If it is you are a lucky boy, for Mr. Fox has offered a reward of \$20,000 for its recovery."

On reaching the mansion the banker was notified of the matter, and an examination of the contents of the valise showed that it did contain all of Mrs. Fox's stolen jewelry. It never rains but it pours, is an old saying, and in this instance another event directly affecting George Fair was recorded, in a paragraph telegraphed from Boston, in the morning papers. It referred to the suicide of Frederick DeHaven, president of the Plymouth Rock Bank, and stated that Mr. DeHaven had left a paper exonerating George Fair of the crime for which he had been unjustly convicted and punished, and admitting that he himself had been the guilty man. The paper also stated that he had endeavored to repair the injury to George Fair by trying to find his daughter, and bring her up at his own expense. This accounted for his presence in Greenpoint on the day he lost his pocketbook. The morning papers also noted the capture of Mother Meiggs, Bug Davis, Jim Swift and the two boys by the Hunter's Point police, who had been put on the scent by the car conductor.

Joe Judson got his reward of \$20,000, all right, and six months later became mate of the ferryboat Osceola. Mr. Fair, on the true facts of his life becoming known to Mr. Fox, was transferred from the post of chauffeur to a responsible position in the Fox banking house. He took a nice flat near Mrs. Burgess's home and Fanny went to live with him. Here Joe became a welcome guest, as a matter of course, for, independent of Fanny's feelings toward him, her father was grateful for what he had done for his child.

After a year Joe confessed to Fanny that he loved her dearer than a brother, and asked her if she cared for him enough to be his wife some day. With her father's permission, her answer was as favorable as he could wish. Two years later they were married; just one month after Joe was promoted to be captain of the Osceola, and thus by watching his chance and improving it, the former Greenpoint newsboy rose step by step from Ferry Boy to Captain.

Next week's issue will contain "A GAME FOR GOLD; or, THE YOUNG KING OF WALL STREET."

HARRY THE HALF-BACK

OR

A FOOTBALLIST FOR FAIR

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER I.

Football Players Troubled.

Parker groaned dismally.

Westley echoed the other's groan.

"Fellows, whatever are we to do?"

Thus spoke Parker, and any one, to judge by the tone of his voice, would have imagined that the subject under discussion was one of life or death.

"You'll never prove it by me," said Westley, dismally.

It was a cool, brisk evening of the first week in October.

Gathered in the reading-room of Wrightmore College, in southern Michigan, were perhaps a dozen bright, handsome young fellows of from eighteen to twenty years.

But just now they were looking decidedly blue and solemn.

Evidently something had gone wrong, or was likely to go wrong, and the thought of it was worrying the youths.

"Just to think that Sanson should go and get sick right at this time!" groaned a curly-headed youth, who had the appearance of taking affairs philosophically, as a rule, but who looked decidedly blue just now. This was George Carwell, usually called "Curly" by his comrades.

"Right on the eve with our game with Larchmount!" from Charley Dayton.

"I knew we would lose to Larchmount," droned Arthur Pessiman—usually dubbed "the pessimist," because he always looked on the dark side of things.

"Oh, go to!" cried Jimmy Oppen, usually called "the optimist," because he had a habit of looking on the bright side.

"We'll trim Larchmount,
We'll trim 'em fine;
And the score'll be
Fourteen to nine."

The crowd groaned in chorus at this.

"As if we haven't trouble enough without that!" growled Pessiman.

"What's the matter with you, Oppy?" said Curly Carwell. "You wouldn't hear of such a score as fourteen to nine in a hundred years in football."

"That's poetic license," grinned Oppen. "Anything goes, in order to make it rhyme."

"Shut up with your nonsense," growled Harley Parker. "This is a serious business. Here we are, with a match game of football—one of a series of three for the championship—with Larchmount only a day off and our right halfback down with the mumps and unable to play, and with no

one to take his place—that is, no one who can play the position at all worth while."

"Put Oppy in," suggested Curly Carwell, sarcastically. "He can't play, but he would recite original poetry—question-mark after the word 'poetry,' please—and that would disconcert the Larchmount team to such an extent that an eleven made up of ten-year-olds could beat them."

"Oh, come now, Curly, dearest child;
Be careful, boy, don't get me riled!"

quoth Oppen, grinning.

"Say, this is no funny affair, I tell you," cried Parker. "And if you chaps can't hold your chatter, why, the best thing you can do is to get out—scatter!"

"Chatter—scatter! Oh, say, even Parker has caught it!" groaned Pessiman, and the youths had to laugh.

"We'll have to try Wilkins, I guess," said Westley, with a half-grimace.

"He's not half bad if it wasn't for——" Parker paused and hesitated.

"If he didn't have the swell-head," said Curly Carwell. "I'll say it for you, old man," with a chuckle.

"He doesn't like to be told, that's a fact," agreed Westley.

"It's all we can do, I guess," said Parker.

At this moment the door opened and into the room came a handsome, jolly-looking fellow who looked to be at least twenty-one years of age.

"Hello, what's the row?" he queried, looking about at the faces of the youths. "What's the trouble? You all look blue." This young man was a senior, and his name was Walter Denman.

Before any of the youths could answer him, he gave utterance to an exclamation of amazement and delight and walked hastily across the room and seized and shook the hand of a youth who had sat silent, looking over a paper, while the others were talking.

"Harry Winslow, you here!" Denman cried. "Well, this is a surprise, sure enough. What are you doing here?"

"Attending college, Walter, the same as you are," was the smiling reply.

"But this is October, and the term began in September."

"I couldn't get here sooner, Walter. My mother was very sick, and I had to stay until she got better."

"I see; and you're really attending this school?"

"Yes."

"Good! That's fine! Say, fellows, have you met Harry here?"

The youths had not. They had noticed him and knew that he was a new student, but had paid no attention to him, for the reason that they had something else to engage their attention. There was nothing else that was of any importance, to their way of thinking, as compared with the fact that Sanson, the right halfback on the football team, was sick—too sick to play against Larchmount in the coming game.

Now, however, they looked at the new student with interest, for they all had a high opinion of Denman, and if this new fellow was a friend of his, they wished to make his acquaintance.

They noticed, now, that the new youth was a handsome fellow, well-built and athletic-looking, and that he had frank gray eyes, a firm chin and

a complexion such as any girl might have been proud of.

Denman introduced Harry Winslow to the rest, and they shook hands with him and said they hoped that he would like Wrightmore.

"I hope that I shall," he said, smiling pleasantly. "And I believe that I shall."

"Of course you will like it here," said Denman. "This is the best college in the State." Then he went on: "But you have not told me what makes you fellows look so blue."

"It's easily told," said Parker, gloomily. "Sanson, who is, as you know, the best man on the eleven, is sick, and we play our first match game with Larchmount day after to-morrow."

"Oh, is that all?" laughed Denman. "Well, that is nothing to worry about."

"Isn't it?" sarcastically.

"No, for right here you have a man who can fill his place and, I am confident, improve on it, for he is a footballist for fair, a great player, I promise you;" and he placed his hand on the shoulder of Harry Winslow, who blushed and looked somewhat embarrassed.

The youths stared at Denman in amazement and then eyed Winslow with interest.

CHAPTER II.

A Player Found.

"Say, is that so, Denman?"

"Are you giving it to us straight?"

"Tell us true, old fellow!"

"Don't deceive us."

"Or build our hopes up, only to have them dashed down again."

Such were a few of the exclamations from the fellows.

Denman smiled and waved his hand in a reassuring gesture.

"Have I ever deceived you?" he queried.

"No, no!" in chorus.

"Nor am I doing so now. I have known Harry here for years—almost all my life, in fact, and I happen to know that he is a great football player."

"Good, good!"

"Say, Winslow, what position do you play?" queried Parker, eagerly.

He had been sizing the new man up. He had noted that he was well-built and athletic-looking, and that he had a firm chin and square jaw, betokening that he was possessed of grit and determination; in fact, Parker was quite favorably impressed.

"I have played a number of positions," was the reply; "but right halfback has been my favorite position, and the one in which I have always done the best work."

"Good! That is the position that is vacant on our eleven, and I shall be very glad to have you come out for practice this afternoon."

"Very well; I will be there. I hope, however, that you will not expect great things of me. My friend here is, I think, somewhat prejudiced in my favor, and you must take his praise with a grain of salt."

"Don't you believe it," said Denman. "I am quite willing to let you decide for yourself, after seeing him play."

"You forget that they may have a much stronger eleven here than any that I have ever played on, Walter," said Harry.

"I forget nothing. You are all right, and I'll wager that the boys will all say the same after they have seen you play."

"That's all right; I'll do my best, and then, if the captain of the eleven thinks I am a better man for the position than any one else he has in view I shall be glad to take the place and do my best against Larchmount."

"That's right and proper," said Westley. "I am the captain, and I will say that I like men who want positions only when their merit entitles them to it. Now we have a few more who—"

At this moment the door was thrown open and into the room came four boys of perhaps an average age of nineteen years. Each and every one of the four had a cigarette in his mouth, and there was a somewhat rakish and arrogant air about them.

They were well-dressed, and it was evident that they were the sons of well-to-do parents.

The leader of the quartette, and evidently the ruling spirit, was a rather handsome but sinister-looking fellow by the name of Percy Silkwell. He aspired to the leadership in the college, trying to force matters, on account of the fact that his father was a millionaire. He did not seem to care to play on the football, baseball or basketball teams, but he was at the head when it came to sparring and wrestling. He was really an expert in these two sports, and he was, in fact, cock-of-the-walk, having thrashed every fellow who had dared try to dispute his sovereignty.

The three youths with him were Eugene Small, Gerald Thorp and Julian Wilkins, the latter, a thick-set young fellow, was the one who had been mentioned as being the person who would have to be tried in the place of the sick halfback.

"Hello, what's this I hear?" cried Percy Silkwell. "Is Sanson really too sick to play on the eleven against Larchmount?"

"He is," replied Westley.

Westley and Parker being seniors, Silkwell had never attempted his bullying tactics on them. The arrogant youth confined his operations to the lower classes.

"Well, then, that lets in my friend Wilkins, doesn't it?" Silkwell remarked, more as a statement of fact than as a question.

"Not necessarily," was the cool reply.

"What's that?" cried Wilkins. "Who else is there to put in, pray tell!"

"We have another man in view," quietly.

Exclamations escaped the lips of the four.

"Who is he?"

"Where is he?"

"You're just joking."

"There's no one else that can play the position."

Parker and his companions were silent, leaving Captain Westley to do the talking. It was evident, by the way they looked at Silkwell and his three cronies, that they did not like them very well.

"Here he is," said Westley, indicating Harry Winslow.

The four stared.

(To be continued)

GOOD READING

FORGED PAPERS AGED BY TEA

Criminals are not often so thorough in their work as to discolor the paper of forged documents, when these are supposed to be some years old. Such an instance, however, has recently come to light. An analysts suspicions were aroused by what appeared to be brush marks on a yellowed paper. Chemical analysis revealed that the paper had been brushed with a weak infusion of tea to give it the age corresponding to the forged date.

MAN TO LIVE 150 YEARS

At the mere cost of 12 cents a head the span of life may be extended to 150 years, claims Sir Ronald Ross, British scientist. His idea is that 12 cents from the pocket of every Englishman spent in scientific research would result in a new medical knowledge that would keep germs and old age away so that man easily could live 150 years. He thinks that the allotted span of three-score years and ten should find man in the prime of life. We live curtailed lives, he says, because we are the prey of countless germs.

EARTH'S DIAMETER MEASURED

An American scientist has determined the earth's diameter so accurately that his figures have been adopted by all countries. Director John F. Hayford, head of Northwestern University College of Engineering at Chicago, is responsible for this triumph.

The diameter is 7,926,678 miles at the Equator, while the diameter from Pole to Pole is 7,899,694 miles, proving the earth to be a large sphere flattened at the Poles. Director Hayford's figures will be the basis of every boundary survey in the world in the future.

WORLD PAINTINGS MADE UNDER SEA

Few people here know that Zarh Pritchard, American painter of submarine life, has been leading a hermit's life in Brazil for two months, painting for exhibitions at Paris and Brussels, the former opening June 1. He has been living on Paqueta Island, in the middle of Rio's big harbor, an hour by ferry from the city. A house was rented in an unfrequented part of the island, and a chain and padlock placed on the garden gate. The island is quiet enough to satisfy his need for solitude. Although it contains a small village, there are no street cars, automobiles or telephones.

The submarine painter makes his sketches on specially oiled material while working under water in a diving suit, generally at depths of about twenty-five feet. Here the luminosity of the water is equal to daylight above the surface.

The artist says he forgets about being under water as he sketches until he is warned by a tug on his air hose, by the watches overhead, that there is danger in the neighborhood. Big fish do not bother him, as they are wary about the strange animal which is always emitting bubbles from the top of his head.

Mr. Pritchard's paintings are impressionistic studies, showing fish which often have the appearance of birds flying through the air. Living

corals and sea plants of various tints appear to be trees and forests, and dead coral formations often resemble canyons and cathedrals.

Mr. Pritchard came to Brazil to prepare for the exhibitions. He has discovered that the climate here is unsurpassed for drying his paintings, which are made on calf skin to secure the peculiar effect resembling a watery atmosphere.

WHAT ARCTIC FLYERS EAT

Navy beans went with the Navy flyers into the Arctic.

They constituted one of the innovations in Arctic menus introduced through the MacMillan-National Geographic Expedition.

Powdered orange, powdered lemon, powdered milk, tomato paste and American cream cheese are other novelties in food carried by the flyers. The only two concessions to the usual Arctic food requirements are pemmican, or dried meat, which makes up one-third of the food supply, and biscuit.

The food list of the explorers is the answer to a difficult problem the Navy dietitians had to solve. Minimum weight had to accompany maximum caloric value. Foods had to be such that they would require little or no cooking. Furthermore, the menu-makers had to consider the possibility of a prolonged stay. This meant heavy stress on proteins and fats.

What would the housewife, who ponders what she shall have for dinner, do with an order like that?

This is the ration the explorers must depend upon every time their planes fly: For one man for one day, one-seventh of a pound of flour, two-fifths of a pound of pilot bread (polite name for hardtack), tenth of a pound of bacon, third of a pound of powdered milk, twentieth of a pound of Navy beans, twentieth of a pound of oatmeal, twentieth of a pound of chocolate, twentieth of a pound of cream cheese, one pound of pemmican, spoonful of tomato paste, tenth of a pound of powdered orange and lemon, fifth of a pound of sugar, tenth of a pound of tinned butter and small portion of tea, coffee, salt and pepper.

Pemmican is explorers' food. The word comes from an Indian name for their variety of dried meat. Originally it contained only meat and suet. White men and various tribes in Africa have added vegetables, oatmeal, raisins, currants, sugar, wild cherries and honey. MacMillan Expedition pemmican is flavored with raisins and sugar.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

BOY HUNTER FATALLY WOUNDS COMPANION

One of two Peekskill High School boys hunting ducks in Furnace wood, near Peekskill, N. Y., was probably fatally wounded when the charge from a loaded shotgun lodged in the back of his head.

Walter Tompkins, seventeen, the wounded boy, was walking in a thicket just ahead of John Leveritch, sixteen. Both had shotguns. Leveritch tripped on a trailing creeper. There was a flash and Tompkins fell at his feet.

At Peekskill Hospital it is said Tompkins cannot live. Leveritch was paroled on a technical charge of assault.

DOG RECOVERS PURSE

An eleven-months-old German police dog owned by Mrs. S. B. Craig of Groton, Conn., is perhaps the first dog in the borough to receive a cash award. The other day Rhoda recovered a purse containing more than \$46 in cash, jewelry valued at \$100 and receipts amounting to \$1,700. The purse was returned to its owner, Mrs. Jack Rutigliano of Hamilton street, who asked Mrs. Craig to accept a reward for the dog.

Mrs. Rutigliano lost the purse the other morning and visited the local schools in hopes of locating a finder. About 10 o'clock Rhoda, accompanied by Mrs. Craig, traversed a short cut path from Baker avenue to Allen street, where suddenly the dog's attention was attracted by an object in the grass. She seized it in her teeth, raced about the open field and then returned with it to her mistress. A telegraph message in the purse bore the name of the owner.

ANTS IN BUILDING

The Department of Agriculture has received scores of requests this year for help in getting rid of flying white ants in buildings. These pests are not like those that can be killed by insecticides or fumigations. They can be prevented only by constructing the building so that no woodwork comes in contact with the ground.

Each spring and fall these termites emerge in great numbers from the woodwork of buildings that have not been properly constructed, and

cause the householder considerable annoyance. They have entered because, somewhere, there is untreated wood in contact with the ground.

The Bureau of Entomology advocates modifications of the building regulations of various cities in efforts to prevent attacks by the insects. No untreated wood should be laid on or in the earth and untreated beams should have at least an inch of concrete between them and the earth. When it is desired to put woodwork in direct contact with the earth, it should first be impregnated with coal-tar creosote. If this is not practicable, there should be foundations of concrete or stone.

No lime mortar should be used in brickwork in foundations of buildings, since termites are able to penetrate lime mortar that is a few years old. Such brickwork, either on or extending below the surface of the ground, should be faced and capped with concrete at least one inch thick.

LAUGHS

Jack—How do you manage to keep your clothes looking so nice? George—I buy new ones occasionally.

"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or profession?" "Neither; it is a calling."

Miss Supheridge—I should just like to see the man that I'd promise to love, honor and obey! Miss Pertly—I'm sure you would, dear.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One of them is that they haven't any mind, and the other that they haven't any business.

First Girl (in the crush at the parade)—Mercy! What a dreadful crowd! I wish now I'd stayed at home, don't you? Second Girl—Certainly not; but I wish to goodness those others had.

"Did you ever play in 'Hamlet'?" inquired a theatrical manager of a recent acquisition to his company. "Ever!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Why, I've played in every hamlet of Great Britain!"

"Is this train running on time?" "I should say so," answered the conductor. "It can't run any other way. The company has had to get so many extensions of credit that the whole road is running on time."

"Did you do as I told you, Willie," inquired the mother, "and not ask Mrs. Winters for pie a second time?" "Yes'm," said Willie, proudly; "I didn't have to ask more than once; I got the first piece without asking."

Wife—Who can doubt the power of woman's love! Think of the thousands of wild youths who have settled down into staid and respectable citizens as soon as they married! Husband—Good lands! They couldn't afford to be anything else after they got married."

CURRENT NEWS

TWO-WAY RADIO

A woman on an Atlantic liner called up her sister on another ship 150 miles away recently and the two carried on a conversation lasting eight minutes. This was the first trial of a new marvel—a wireless telephone invented in Germany that can be used either between two ships or between a ship and land.

Previously messages could be spoken only one way over wireless telephones. Only when the speaker had finished and the receiving antennae had been switched on could a person at the other end reply. Now messages may be spoken both ways simultaneously and interchangeably.

SQUARE HANDKERCHIEF A WHIM OF LOUIS XVI

How many people know that the reason all pocket-handkerchiefs are square is that Louis XVI liked them best that way?

At the end of the eighteenth century the shape for a handkerchief was oblong, a scarflike affair. But for some reason the king took a dislike to that shape. Although anything serious concerned with his kingdom was indifferent to him, he decided that the shape of handkerchiefs was well worth looking into. So he regulated it by edict.

On Sept. 23, 1784, he solemnly issued from the Palace of Versailles the order that henceforth only square handkerchiefs should be manufactured in the kingdom. On Dec. 10 following Parliament registered the decision. Ever since then handkerchiefs have been square.

INVENTION OF WAR TANKS NOW LAID TO VOLTAIRE

News that tanks are beginning to play a more important role in the Moroccan warfare has led one student of history, and Voltaire, to declare that Voltaire was the real inventor of the armored tank.

According to this claimant, Voltaire announced the invention, about 1756, of the "Assyrian Chariot," which was armed like the modern tank. With this invention Voltaire proclaimed that he could crush the armies of Frederick the Great, then waging the Seven Years' War. Marshal de Richelieu, however, turned down the invention and Voltaire, in 1770, offered it to Czarina Catherine of Russia, who was then engaged in war with the Turks.

Catherine ordered a pair of the tanks, but later informed Voltaire that they were useless except against troops in massed ranks, as she personally had seen them tested.

MAY FLY NEVER EATS

A strange creature, the dainty May fly. One of the strangest things is that it eats nothing from its cradle to the moment of its death.

Thrust into a world where nearly every living thing is constantly in search of food, the May fly goes its way with never a thought of food. Surrounded by creatures that lie in wait and devour each other, the May fly eats not nor thinks of eating. It does not even possess a mouth with which it might eat if it felt so disposed. It comes

into the world with a certain amount of vitality in its frail body, it dances gayly until that strength is gone, and dies.

Equally strange is the birth of the May fly, a birth which almost any observer may witness if he happens to be watching by the waterside almost anywhere at just the right minute. If he watches closely he may see many tiny creatures as big as horse flies emerging from the mud at the bottom of the lake or stream.

But as they reach the surface of the water, a most surprising thing happens. The skin down the back splits open, there is a wriggling within it and, quick as a flash, there emerges not this water creature in a new dress, but a dainty May fly, a thing as different in appearance from the water insect from which it came as a peacock is different from a rat.

In a way it is more different, for but a moment ago this creature breathed water through gills like a fish, and now it breathes air and would drown if you thrust it under the water.

EXPLODING THE AMERICAN "BANANA MYTH"

In a scathing denunciation of what he termed the great American "banana myth," Dr. W. E. Safford, economic botanist of the United States Department of Agriculture, has attacked evidence recently brought forward in support of the theory that bananas originated on this hemisphere and were cultivated by prehistoric Indians.

Commenting on the discovery of fossil banana seed in coal beds of Colombia and connection of this discovery with statements made by early writers as to the Indians' use of the fruit, he declared positively that the home of the banana was in the Malay Archipelago, that it was unknown in America when Columbus reached here, and that the same writers who reported it as native to the New World demonstrated similar ignorance in regard to the potato and other plants.

Columbus and his followers listed the plants they encountered, but made no mention of the banana. Bananas were introduced into the West Indies from the Canary Islands by Padre Tomas de Berlangas in 1516. They were also carried to Pacific islands by immigrants; but their native home was in the Malay Archipelago.

The persistence of the myth of the American origin, according to Doctor Safford, was due to the great Humboldt, who evidently was not himself a botanist, and accepted the statements of Garcillaso de la Vega, a descendant of the Incas, who stated that bananas were a staple food of South American Indians in pre-Columbian times. This man, Doctor Safford said, was ignorant of the agriculture he pretended to describe. Most of his information was second-hand and his exaggerated and unreliable statements lack confirmation. Humboldt also accepted statements that the Irish potato was found in Virginia by early colonists when it has been definitely established that it was a native of Peru and was unknown in North America before the coming of the white man.

FROM ALL POINTS

ROSES IN SOUTHWEST

Most curious are the wild roses of the dry Southwest. They are low, stunted bushes of brown branches and many straight brown or white prickles, more like a low gooseberry bush. The fruit is all prickles like the prickly gooseberry of our swamps. The flowers are purple, rose or white, solitary, more like a strawberry bloom than that of a rose. As the bushes are built for heat rather than for frost, they are not easy to grow in Northern gardens, though they will live and bloom.

WOULD MINE UNDER JAIL

Two Idaho prospectors learned recently that the old county jail at Idaho City was built on ground that was rich in precious metal. Believing that they needed money more than Boise County needed the old jail they proceeded to file a placer claim on the jail site. More than that, they threatened to tear down the old jail in order to get at the riches underneath. Whereupon the county authorities induced a district judge to issue an injunction restraining the would-be miners from interfering with the jail. The land on which it is built is about the only remaining bit of unmined placer ground in the neighborhood.

15 HOURS IN VAULT, 4 MEN RESCUED

Four men were imprisoned in the vault of the Niagara County National Bank for fifteen hours recently. They were released at 5 o'clock none the worse for their experience.

A new vault is being placed in the basement of the bank building. The door of the old vault, on the main floor, is to be used on the basement vault and workmen began to remove it.

Howard C. Cain, cashier, and three of the workmen, Walter McCombs, Frank Fairburn and Joseph Maxon, all of Niagara Falls, were inside the old vault when the door was accidentally closed. The time lock had been set for 8 o'clock and it was impossible to open the door.

Workmen on the outside removed several plates and chipped away enough concrete to permit air to reach the imprisoned men and work was continued throughout the day until the door was removed and the men were released.

PORPOISES OIL YOUR WATCH

Observing schools of porpoises sporting about in the water, few ocean travelers are aware that these strange animals have supplied them with an important product. The watches ticking in their pockets probably are lubricated with porpoise oil.

Oil for timepieces must answer very exacting requirements, among them, insensitiveness to heat and cold. At night watches are exposed to chill air after having been carried close to the body all day. The oil must not thicken or congeal on account of this change of temperature.

That extractor from the jaw pans of porpoises is said to be unsurpassed for lubricating watches. With the large increase in watch factories in the United States, porpoise fishing has become an important industry all along the Atlantic Coast line.

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BIRDS OF PREY LONG ILLU- SION OF MAN.

The early regard of man for the great birds of prey is reflected in the mythology of many lands. The legend of the roc, or rukh, is widely spread in ancient tales of Arabia, Persia and India. The best known of these tales is found in the story of Sinbad the Sailor, says "The Mentor."

Though the roc now appears to be purely a myth, Marco Polo reported that Madagascar was the home of the roc, and in his account of his thirteenth century journeyings he states that the great khan of the Tartars dispatched two messengers to the island, who brought back with them a large feather, nine spans long and two spans wide. In form, Marco Polo said, the roc resembled the eagle, though "incomparably greater in size, being so strong as to seize an elephant with its talons and to lift it into the air, from whence it lets it fall to the ground, in order that when dead it may prey upon the carcass."

In 1851 two gigantic eggs and some fragments of bird bones were found on the island of Madagascar, and for a time the accounts of monster birds on other days seemed to have verification.

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